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BOERS DEFENDING A LAAGER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. E. EASTON

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 10, 1900

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Mediation

NOW that, with the capture of General CRONJE after a campaign involving admirable generalship on one side, and a heroic resistance upon the other honors are easy in the Transvaal, it is proper to consider the question of mediation.

Every day that the Boer war progresses adds to the pity and to the horror of it. Whatever may be the rights of the issues involved—and these have been obscured by those who have written about them—it is a horrible spectacle that is being presented in South Africa, and one which, indeed—as President KRUGER himself said it would before the beginning of hostilities—staggers humanity. Such sanguinary strife should be impossible in days that claim to be enlightened, and it would seem to be the supreme duty of some neutral nation to intervene, not in behalf of Britain, not in behalf of the South-African republics, but in the name of humanity. In certain ways the laws which govern individuals should govern nations, and no man of right spirit to-day would stand idly by and complacently watch two other men engaged in deadly strife without doing his utmost to separate the combatants, or, lacking power to do this single-handed, through a combination with others to cause them to be separated. What debt of gratitude is it that we owe to England that would make it improper for the United States government to offer its friendly mediation in this inhuman quarrel? What duty is it that we should perform toward the young republics of the Dark Continent, now darker than ever before, that rises superior to our manifest duty to the whole of mankind? It is true that England lent us her moral support in our late differences with Spain, and it is undoubtedly the fact that it was her attitude that prevented Continental intrigues against our welfare from assuming serious aspects; but ours was not a war of extermination against a well-meaning and possibly mistaken people; it was primarily a war in behalf of a principle, and was waged in behalf of an ideal rather than for material profit. Nor was it in a large sense a murderous war such as the Transvaal conflict has become. It was, in all conscience, bad enough. It was all that General SHERMAN indicated when he characterized warfare as hell; but it was not such deep, dark, abysmal hell as that which is now presented to our view for the first time in thirty years. Nothing that England has done for us, no duty of sympathy that we owe to a sister republic, transcends the obvious duty which now confronts us. Indeed, the reverse is true. The very flower of two noble peoples is being recklessly sacrificed in a quarrel which statesmanship on either side might have averted, and against the results of which every proper instinct in the heart of every living man rises up in protest. Our gratitude to England could take no higher, no nobler, expression than an offer of mediation; our sympathy for a struggling republic could find no more fitting outlet than a proffer of our good offices to have this slaughter stopped.

The Macrum Mystery

THE case of MACRUM is a difficult one to treat with any degree of seriousness. It was so obviously designed to be discussed through the medium of comic poetry of the fee-fo-fi-fum school that one hesitates to touch upon it in mere prose periods; but despite this fact, the incident should not be allowed to be forgotten until we are quite sure that the lesson it teaches has been learned, which is that men of the MACRUM order should be kept at home, and not placed in positions of responsibility abroad, large or small. The ex-consul to Pretoria is not so much to blame in this matter as are the people who sent him out to do work too great for his capacity. There comes a time in every man's life when he realizes that nothing short of a miracle can make him President of the United States, and he then begins to look about for some other office he can fill. Having found this, he strains every nerve to get it, and in this country he becomes either an alderman, a commissioner of something, or a United States consul somewhere, according to the degree of his inefficiency. These offices, according to political conditions, were primarily designed, apparently, for small men, and in getting them statistics prove that the small men have been quite successful. Now it is obvious that the more limited the scope of a small man the less likely he is to make an international fool of himself, and it behooves the political powers that be to look carefully into a man's capacity for inefficiency before placing him. Mr. MACRUM as an alderman, with little scope for his powers of error, would have been at most a harmless failure. As a school trustee or as a fire commissioner, any dereliction in the line of his duty would have assumed only local proportions, but to place such a man in a position to show his calibre to the whole civilized world was neither wise in the appointing power nor just to Mr. MACRUM himself.

It is to be hoped that hereafter, when it comes to the selection of incompetent men for public office, those who are influential in securing appointments for the inefficient will be more discriminating and adapt their candidates more closely to the requirements. If a man is only fit for aldermanic honors, do not make a circuit judge of him; and if his peculiar kind of unfitness fits him only for a road commissionership, do not put him in the consular service, where all the world, observing his shortcomings, may point the finger of derision at him.

A man may be a born coroner, and yet lack the requisite qualities of mind to become a successful diplomat.

A Futile Proceeding

THE inevitable has happened, as might of course have been expected. The month of February, comprising as it did the anniversaries of the birth of two immortal American Presidents, could not have been expected to pass into the calendars of the past without our being told of what WASHINGTON and LINCOLN would have done had they been in the Presidential chair at the present time. This is one of the habits of public speakers from which there appears to be no escape, and we have no doubt that when April comes and banquets in memory of General GRANT are held throughout the land, we shall be informed what General GRANT'S views of pressing public questions would have been had he been spared to us. It is a futile sort of proceeding, and is hardly fair to the men who have gone and who cannot rise up and either affirm or deny the truth of that which is said in their name. In some cases, however, this course is not objectionable, while in others it is wholly so. For instance, one does not take exception to Mr. SCHURZ'S view of what WASHINGTON would have thought of our AGUINALDO trouble, because Mr. SCHURZ is always interesting in what he says, has no individual axe to grind, and approaches his subject from a purely academical point of view, and in no sense in a purely practical fashion. But when others less authoritative let their eloquence regurgitate to the days of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and endeavor to prove to a listening world that that statesman would have held foolish notions as to our duty in the Philippine Islands, we begin to yearn for the days of the gag.

One needs not be learned in history to know that ABRAHAM LINCOLN was not a contractionist, and as far as the "consent of the governed" is concerned, the veriest schoolboy knows precisely what treatment the martyr President would have accorded the rebellious AGUINALDO. A shorter shrift is not conceivable.

On the Need of a Censor

IT is quite evident from the events of the past two weeks that we are somewhat in need of a functionary clothed with authority, who shall say what plays may be produced and what others may not. In certain of our cities are art commissioners, to whom are referred such plans for the embellishment of public parks and streets as the generously disposed citizens are inclined to offer, with power to accept or to decline these, according to their artistic merit. The principle which holds good in relation to the permanent adornment of the public highways is quite as valid when it relates to that which adorns or desecrates the stage temporarily. An ill-conceived, badly executed bit of sculpture is an offence to the æsthetic taste of a community, but it is harmless when compared with a degrading drama, which is not only an offence to the æsthetic taste, but is also a menace to the moral sense of the people.

As matters stand now we are compelled to wait until the harm is done in our theatres before seeking for a remedy, and the agitation of the subject serves rather to enrich than to deplete the coffers of the offenders. We do not propose to enter into a discussion of the morals, or lack of them, of the special play which has been the storm centre of the controversy. It suffices to say that the book which presented the theme of the resulting drama is one that could not properly be dramatized, or, if dramatized, could not be presented save in a community where license is sometimes confounded with liberty. It was a brutal enough story when its succession of pictures was left to the imagination; rendered concrete, and put forth as an actual, visible reality, it can be nothing else than demoralizing and unfit. This an intelligent censorship would have ascertained at once, and we should not now be presented with the discouraging spectacle of an actress glorying in her error, and calling over the footlights to her audiences to stand by her in her fight against public decency.

It is a pity that this should have happened during the current season, for in spite of a large number of vulgar dramas that have been served up we have had this year a notable number of really interesting, well-written, and wholly commendable plays. The variety stage has been freer from reprehensible exhibitions than usual, and it has been possible frequently for the theatre-goer to leave the playhouse after the fall of the curtain without any semblance of a bad taste in his mouth. In general a censorship is not needed here; but it happens once in a while that such a play as the one in question manages to get itself performed, and to prevent this once a decade would make a censorship worth while, even if for the rest of the time the office were a high-salaried sinecure.

The Court Circular and Another

WE Americans have from time to time derived much innocent mirth from the habit of British daily newspapers of printing every morning a Court Circular, which narrates in some detail the actions of the royal family. It is the diary of the doings of certain exalted personages, and as such is read with eager interest by all loyal subjects of the reigning sovereign, and scoffed at by all lovers of republican institutions on this side of the water. And yet we have something in this country which appears to take its place, and is not quite so commendable. Some weeks ago a young man was found guilty of murder in the first degree, was sentenced to die, and taken to State prison, where in the course of events, unless the courts intervene, he will pay the penalty of the crime ascribed to him; and every day since his arrival at the penitentiary the public has been regaled with accounts of his daily life behind the prison bars. We are told at what hour he rises in the morning and at what moment he goes to bed at night. What he eats for breakfast, dinner, and supper is set forth in detail. What exercise he takes is fully described. The number of pipefuls of tobacco he smokes is noted. The books he reads and his opinions of them are rehearsed. The names of his callers are presented. What these say to him and what he replies are fully reported. His physical condition is daily diagnosed, and his reflections are surmised for the benefit of what we presume is an interested public.

In short, we have a daily prison circular issued to us which is far more persistent and intimate than that in which the British indulge their interest in the doings of royalty. It is probable that this supplies a demand, for if it did not the editors of our newspapers would not permit it to be done, but it is an open question if there is any real justification for the interest which is thus met; and it is certain that a thirst for the knowledge of the daily doings of Queen VICTORIA is more commendable and prompted by a less morbid craving than this hungering after news concerning the prison life of an unfortunate young man and his equally miserable neighbors. Furthermore, the life of their sovereign in a sense belongs to the British people. We have no such excuse. What remaining days are vouchsafed to the convicted prisoner belong to himself, and he is entitled to that privacy in his daily life which the sequestration of his body has forced upon him physically.

The prying gaze of the public should not be permitted to penetrate into the mysteries of the prison-house.

DUTCH COURAGE

By RUPERT HUGHES

IT is quite in keeping with the accuracy of proverbs that the popular phrase for false heroism — valor that is rather a matter of bottles than of battles — should take in vain the name of one of the most completely and effectively brave races in the history of the world peoples.

The very first power to succumb to Dutch courage was what "Dutch courage" is most afraid of—water. Old Ocean himself was the archfoe of the Dutch. And he is a magnificent enemy—more numerously supported than Xerxes invading the little parish of Greece; more insidious than the Spanish peasants after their armies were conquered; more sleepless than Napoleon; more persistent than the English have been in the last five centuries.

The Dutch not only kept back the Sea from their lands, but they took from him his own. They extended their parapets into his territory and added it to their narrow realm. More than that, they forced him into alliance with them, and three times, when they were hard pressed by human armies, they opened their dikes and called in his white-plumed battalions between them and surrender, preferring the pillage he made of their fields to the sacrifice of independence.

WILLING TO LEARN.

The best part of Dutch courage is that it is not a profession or an art, it is a last resource. It is of the Cincinnatus type. The warrior is a plain and solid tradesman till he can endure some ill no longer, then he bids his business good-by with regret, goes out and fights like a genius, and hurries home with delight to the interrupted trade which is the real work of his life.

As far back as 1574, when Shakspere was just ten years old, the Dutch celebrated a great series of victories, in which the "Beggars of the Sea" played a large part—how, but by establishing a university that was for two hundred years the most renowned in Europe? They were a canny lot, a curious mixture of patriotism and business; for while they were raising marvellous revenue from their own well-wrung resources, they were selling to their Spanish oppressors powder and munitions. You would call them a small-souled crowd, if you did not pause to remember that when the time looked ripe they opened their long dikes and let the ruinous seas sweep over their lands. They turned the land battle into a naval encounter at such cost because they thought themselves more likely to win. You cannot sneer at the cotton threads in such a stout piece of wool as that.

The longest siege in history was the siege of Ostend, which cost three years and three months and over a hundred thousand lives. And while the Spanish were so painfully reducing it, a Dutch army was taking its equivalent in other directions.

On the water the Dutch have been the only people, save ourselves, that ever overturned the British naval supremacy. If you read only the English accounts of the wars with Holland you will not see their true importance any more than you could learn the actual disaster Britannia suffered from our little fleets in the war of 1812, the British accounts of which seem to consist almost altogether in a list of our insolences and one pretty duel, in which their *Shannon* won a decided victory over our badly manned and rashly captained *Chesapeake*.

So one does not learn the true splendor of the achievements of those tremendous old sea-dogs Tromp and De Ruyter from English histories. Perhaps the accounts written by Dutchmen in their own language or in French err on the side of their sympathies, but if you will split the difference you will have a profound admiration for the sailors who trounced the English and moved up the sacred Thames.

Then there are the glorious Hollanders who took any odds against the Spanish or the Portuguese, and wiped them off the seas by wholesale. The names of these bullies are as hard on the memory or the alien tongue as their owners were on Spain. Just hear them!—the very words are a broadside—Hermanzoon van Spilbergen, Matelief, de la Marck, Koen. The only Dutch admiral that ever surrendered on his own quarter-deck was the fearless De Winter, whom the braw Duncan's men took prisoner when he had almost no deck left to stand on and was the only one alive on it. Then there is the fact that the senior partner in the firm of William and Mary was a Hollander.

The ancient stolidity and pluck of the little people survive, waiting, perhaps, only some chance spark to set it afire again. Meanwhile the offshoot of the old oak flourishes with undiminished vigor in the other end of the world, where two little republics face the entire British Empire.

A more epic confrontation is not found in fact or fiction. Already the Lilliputians have extracted from their enemy a price that has "staggered humanity."

The gospel of most strategists is well condensed in the three fundamental precepts laid down in Colonel Fix's *Manual of Strategy*, as translated by Captain H. R. Lemly, U.S.A.:

"Always be the stronger wherever you would strike your adversary or resist a shock with which you are threatened by him; in other words, engage your masses with the fractions of the enemy's forces, or your large fractions with his small ones."

Now it seems to me that many an eminent theorist makes vital error just here, in assuming that to make yourself stronger is, "in other words," to make yourself more numerous. A better ideal, I should say, would be to make your army stronger man to man than any probable adversary, so that a chance numerical inferiority would be outweighed by a superior quality. History reeks with the blood of armies manœuvred on the idea that numbers regulate victory. And the most glorious and by no means least numbered pages of chronicle are illuminated with the achievements of leaders who rated *morale* and mobility above mass.

Surely the thing to do in and before war is to make your man better than the enemy's man, and so much better that you can accept the enemy's challenge and fight him with weapons and ground of his own choosing. The illiterate Indians made fools of our soldiery until we learned the trick of turning our men into Indians for the nonce, and teaching the savage that a civilized man could be a better and shrewder savage than the savage himself, when he thought it worth while.

The Boers have chosen the field of combat; they have indicated the necessary weapons. Can the English adapt themselves to what is to them a new mode of warfare?

Colonel Fix lays down as his second precept the importance of operating upon "interior lines," so that quick co-operation and concentration may be insured. The circumstances of the war and the natural advantages of its theatre have given the Boers a beautiful control over this canon. The third precept advises one to "operate as far as possible upon the communications of the enemy without exposing your own." This the Boers have done to a large extent. They have certainly not exposed their own rear, and they have made the communications of the three British columns precarious and costly.

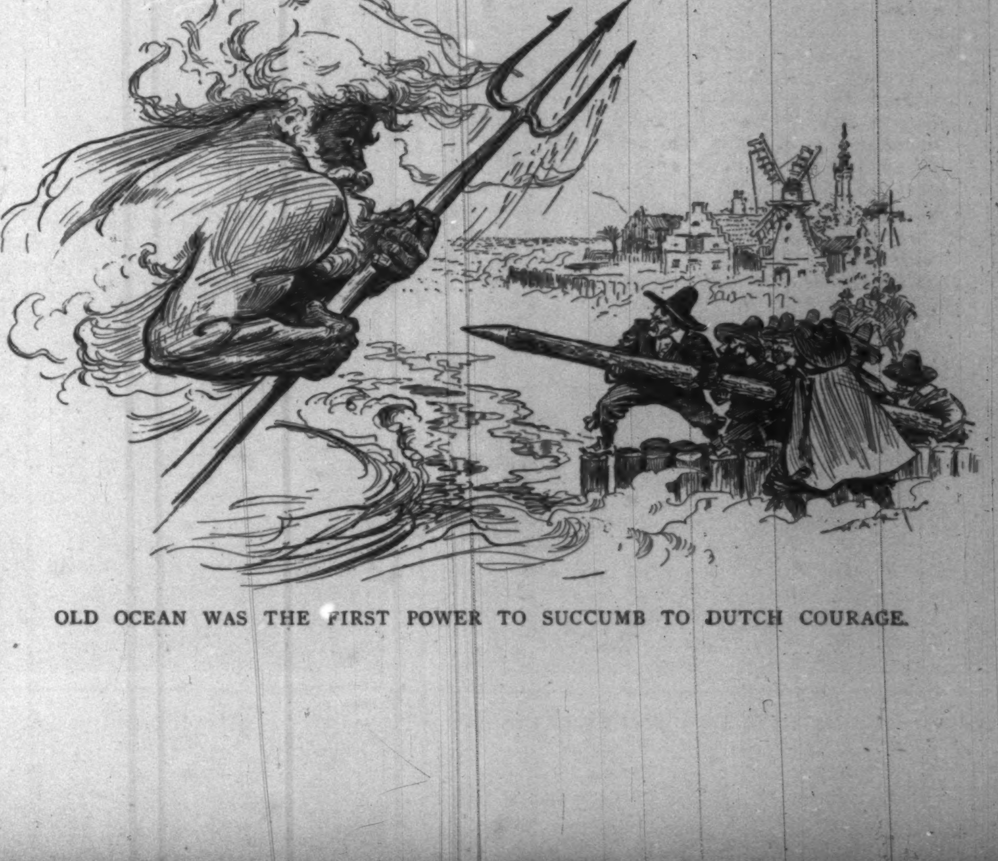
READY FOR PEACE OR WAR.

Jomini says that no country can be successfully invaded when the people are a unit against the invader. The Spanish people have proved how far from sufficient it is to conquer merely the organized troops of a country, and the British are so far from hoping for dissensions in the Transvaal that they are much concerned over the steadiness of even those people whom they call their own citizens.

A further obstacle to English success is the fact that the odds are to-day largely in favor of any fairly intrenched force, owing to the immense recent increase in the zone and rapidity of fire. The Yankee troops in Cuba took trenches unshaken by artillery, but our enemies were notoriously poor marksmen, and even at that our losses reached a ghastly percentage. The Boer, however, is a marksman of extraordinary acuteness. He is enormously superior to the Englishman as a shot, and has a startling advantage when fighting from cover against a force crossing the open.

The Transvaal soldiers have been well likened to Cromwell's Ironsides, because of their similar informality of organization, their hatred of the gewgaws of soldiery, their deep religious faith, and their skill in all the essentials of war-making. Their mode of life is largely to credit for this. They are bred on open air, hard work, and severe rations. They can fight well with a commissariat that would send the British into mutiny.

The most marvellous quality of the Boer soldier is his marksmanship. One authority, who has made investigation, announces that only three per cent. of the British regulars attain a standard to which sixty-five per cent. of our American troops are brought. And the Boer is probably better than our men, for his training teaches him to find his own range, as he does not practise at rifle-butts



OLD OCEAN WAS THE FIRST POWER TO SUCCUMB TO DUTCH COURAGE.

of exactly known distance with nicely adjusted peep-sights.

On the vital importance of good shooting I base much of my confidence in the Boer, and in one other quality that has come to the front—his possession of that worthy discontent and that long-sighted caution, even progressiveness, that keeps one from the fatal error of resting inert upon success.

The Boer did not think that, since he routed a small detachment of English at Majuba, his very prestige was enough. He did not think that he knew it all. But he sent to Europe for men and methods and for material of the very highest type and efficiency. He developed an artillery organization whose superior accuracy and range have compelled the English to appeal to their navy for guns. He made Pretoria a stronghold that authorities declare to be the best prepared in the world. He has built cold-storage warehouses of great capacity for siege times.

He has fortified and intrenched the approaches to his country with remarkable thoroughness. An anecdote in this connection is interesting. Inquiry was made of Germany as to how many cartridges were expended in the Franco-Prussian war. On being informed 18,000,000, the Boers ordered 36,000,000.

In connection with the common opinion that the Transvaal will run short of supplies, an interview with the mining magnate Robinson, who is second only to Cecil Rhodes in the financial circles of South Africa, is apropos. He is quoted as saying that while he knows a way of conquering Boerland, and would communicate it secretly to the War Office, the attack must not be based on any belief in the exhaustibility of the Boers' supplies, as such belief is false. Upon the first half of his statement the financier need hardly be considered seriously, but upon the matter of supplies he is eminent authority.

More than almost any other quality, that rare quality in soldiers, initiative, has given American arms an unbroken series of successful wars. This quality seems to exist in the Boer soldier to a like degree. A determined individualism, which has its socially unpleasant side, is a mighty good equipment for an army in detail, if it have the necessary appreciation of discipline and subordination.

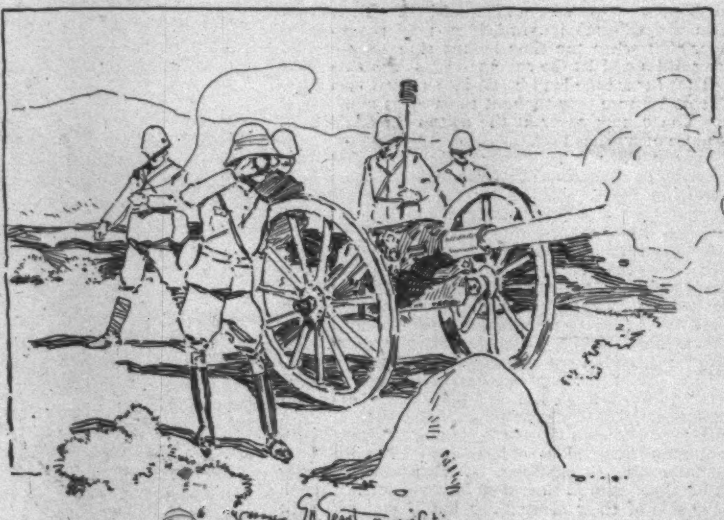
Their mobility trebles their fighting strength. Their system of mounted infantry is instructive to the whole military world. Each man has his own horse, trained to obedience. The soldiers are cavalry for travelling and infantry for battle.

The British may have a series of successes after their many disasters. But it must be remembered that the war does not really begin till the Boers are driven back into their own fastnesses. The capture even of Pretoria does not insure peace, for the Dutch are prepared to retire to the hills, and they are racially a people who fight best under reverses. Furthermore, the reduction of a capital does not mean an end to resistance or a proof of final success. In the Revolutionary war, Washington said, when the British took Philadelphia, that they were lost. In the war of 1812, too, the city of Washington was taken and sacked; but we won out, as everybody but the English schoolboy knows. When Napoleon took Moscow, he wished he had not.

The chances of foreign intervention are not thought much of by students of the situation; but with the sympathy for the Boers taking great strides everywhere, and increasing perhaps more because of their successes than their deserts, it need not be looked on as at all improbable that England will do something to encourage or compel a coalition of the covetous powers.

A BOER SHARPSHOOTER.

THE WATER-CART AT MAGERSFONTEIN.



ONE OF THE HOWITZERS AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

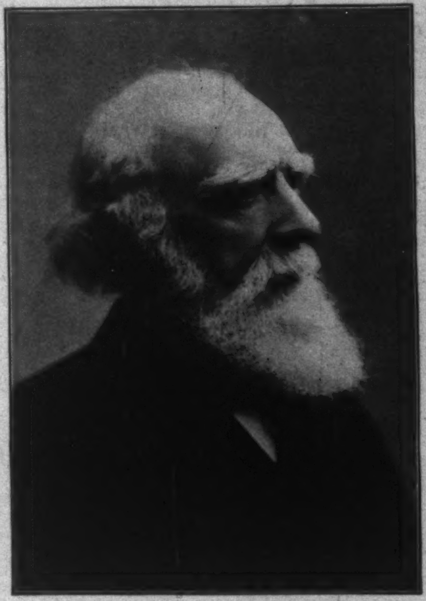
THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Drawn by Gordon H. Grant, Special Artist in the Field for "Harper's Weekly."

THE CAPTURE OF THE SUFFOLKS AT COLESBERG.

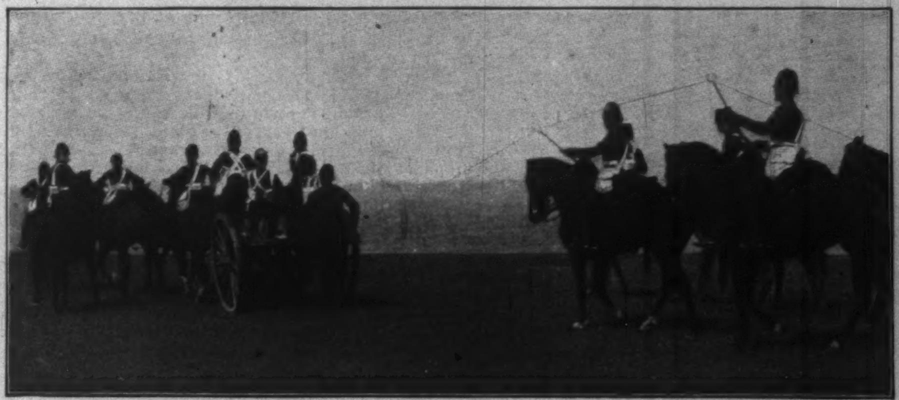
DRAWN BY GORDON H. GRANT FROM A SKETCH BY A SUBALTERN WHO ESCAPED.

During the night of January 4, four companies of the Suffolk Regiment got around to the back of a large kopje and climbed the sloping side of it, the Boers being on the steep side. A night surprise was the object of the British force, but they themselves were surprised instead, for no sooner were they on the ridge than the Boers were seen coming up the kopje from all sides. Two companies of the Suffolks cut their way out and escaped, but the rest fell into the hands of the enemy.



LORD STRATHCONA,
Who is sending three Squadrons of Canadian Mounted Infantry to South Africa at his own Expense.

TROOP D, CANADIAN MOUNTED INFANTRY.
Now on their Way to the Front.



THE BRITISH SIGNAL CORPS LAYING A GROUND-WIRE.

COWBOY RECRUITS FOR STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

Col. Von Braun, ex-German Cavalry Officer. Major Erasmus, Chief of Artillery. Col. J. Y. F. Blake, Commander Irish-American Corps.

OFFICERS COMMANDING THE BOER GUNS ON LOMBARD'S KOP AT THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.

THE BATTLE OF PEPWORTH HILL. *By E. E. Easton*

WHEN General Joubert crossed Laing's Nek into Natal, Colonel J. Y. F. Blake, a graduate of West Point, who for ten years was an officer in the Sixth United States Cavalry, took a picked squad of American and Irish miners and made an adventurous ride, blowing up the railway bridges behind the British from Newcastle to Waschbank. As the Boer commandoes approached Dundee, Blake and his Uitlanders became the escort for the heavy artillery. I had heard of Blake and his "corps" when I first arrived at Pretoria. He could ride any horse a Boer could mount, but most of his Irish miners were not at home in the saddle, and many a good story of his experiences in unravelling the mysteries of veldt life to his regiment I heard when I first arrived at the laager at Charleston. It was not until the battle of Modderspruit that the Irish-American corps ceased to be the butt of all the camp jokes. On that day it showed its mettle under circumstances that have made it an indelible part of Afrikander history.

Blake is a typical product of the American West. He is a tall, perfectly proportioned man, straight, lithe, and sinewy as an Indian, with a gray mustache and gray curly hair, partially bald; has a high round forehead, straight nose, sharp, clear gray eyes, and a face that in an instant can melt from an expression of savage wrath into warmest, almost feminine, kindness. He can recite Byron and Shakspere by the half-hour; talk to you of London or New York society celebrities, of Indian customs in Arizona or Kafir characteristics in central Africa; tell you how roulette is played at Monte Carlo, of what the menu at a Cairo fashionable hotel consists; explain the difference in rifle cartridges, pack-donkeys, Ute moccasin tracks, Matabele assegais, or the ties to go with a dinner dress or an afternoon coat; can send a company whirling through technical military evolutions, twirl a sabre until it looks like a sheath of fire, lead a german, roll the word damn and its relatives under his tongue with a relish, or be moved to silent sympathetic admiration at the sight of old men praying fervently around a camp fire. He is a man who will cover you up with his blanket while you are sleeping and lie down in the rain and mud himself, or give you the piece of hard bread in his pocket and say he has just had something to eat, when you know he has not had a bite during twelve hours' hard riding.

The Boers had pressed General White back into Ladysmith, together with the troops that had evacuated Dundee, and placed a big Creusot siege-gun—which had been brought from one of the forts about Pretoria—on Pepworth Hill, five miles north of Ladysmith. The Irish-American corps was stationed on the hill as the guard to the big gun, while the Boer commandoes swung around the kopjes about the city and took charge of the railway leading from Ladysmith to Colenso. From Pepworth Hill one can see only a few houses in Ladysmith, the town lying snugly under a low range of precipitous hills. Just before dark on the evening of October 29 the big cannon, which had been christened "Long Tom," sent a half-dozen of its shells screaming, sizzling, and purring through the five miles of space between it and Ladysmith. After each one you could see a pillow of bluish-gray dust rise slowly up from where you knew the town lay, in behind the little red hills; a white ring of smoke, sometimes two, would rise above the sinister pillow of dark stuff and float lazily away. Then—your blood was tingling with expectancy—a low, deep, sullen roar came back from those hills and echoed among the high kopjes. The shell had burst. And as you watched another shell shoved into the breech, you wondered if that piece of steel and iron, with its revolving index of figures like a combination on the lock of a money-safe, and its contents of bullets and powder, would shatter the limbs of many men when it exploded behind those little hills five miles away, or whether it would simply expend its ferocity in some side street or a sluit or demolish a deserted house. A young beardless boy turned a crank, and the long cold muzzle raised slowly up, until it looked like a huge animal sitting on its haunches. The artillerymen jumped back to their positions; a young fellow, his face greasy with powder smoke, pressed a little lever, there was a mighty roar, the tons of cold steel sprang into the air with a vicious shake and came down with a thud that shook the ground, while a cloud of twirling white smoke, like a huge mass of cotton, seethed twenty paces in front of the black muzzle, and then was carried away in the evening breeze along the chain of kopjes. At first you distinguish in the roar a piercing scream; it seemed high up in the air above you; then—you could count seven or eight pulse-beats—it seemed slipping down some rough scale and was sizzling like a circular saw against a sliver in a heavy oak plank; you count ten or twelve pulse-beats—and it was purring like a lion cub when you saw the pillar of dust and smoke rise again behind those hills, that were now growing indistinct. Still the purring could be heard; the sound was travelling back five miles, and you counted your pulse again, until the dull, hoarse roar could be heard from the bursting shell.

There is a short twilight in South Africa, and when the sun sank behind the peaks of the Drakensberg Mountains away to the west the long shadows from the kopjes quickly deepened into black nothingness. The first shells had been dropped into Ladysmith.

The young Boer artillerymen were wrapping the big cannon up in canvas, as though the cool breeze which was springing up might chill it. It was on account of the heavy night dews. Away off to the southwest of Ladysmith you could see some camp fires twinkling among the kopjes. The Free State troops, who had come in through Van Reenen's Pass and cut off further retreat, were getting supper. While the Americans and Irishmen were assisting the young Transvaalers to unload a wagon filled with shells, and were digging pits near the big cannon in which to place them, Colonel Blake helped place a smaller cannon and two Nordenfeldt-Maxims on the right-hand side of the kopje, where the slope was less precipitous and there were fewer rocks.

"They ought not to have fired those shells this evening," he remarked, as he looked toward the little hills which enclosed the town and the 14,000 British troops. "There are not 4000 Boers within ten miles of Ladysmith to-night. If General White gets on to that fact he will be out here and have this big cannon before re-enforcements can come up."

The colonel stationed his sentries and outposts, and came back to his little camp among the rocks, thorn trees, and cacti, behind Pepworth Hill. It was an hour before daylight, the coldest part of the night, when Blake turned in his blanket, listened a moment, and then stood straight up and turned his ear to the breeze which was blowing around the kopje from the east.

"Something's up," he said. "Get up, boys; let's have a look from the top." And he stumbled along over the rocks, and then crossed the flat-topped kopje to the place where the big Creusot stood like a grim spectre in its dirty white canvas.

"Didn't you hear that?" He stopped short. Away down in the flats to the southeast of the hill came the measured sound of a heavy hub striking against the nut and shoulder of an axle. It was inky darkness across there in

BOER ARTILLERYMAN AND IRISH PRIVATE OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN CORPS.

MAXIM GUN ON PEPWORTH HILL.
Photographed on the Eve of the Battle of Moddersspruit.

PEPWORTH HILL, AFTER THE BATTLE OF MODDERSPRUIT.

A MEMBER OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN CORPS, WOUNDED ON PEPWORTH HILL.

the shadow of Lombard's Kop and Bulwayno, the two highest kopjes in the vicinity of Ladysmith. Then away to the left, almost directly to the east of Pepworth Hill, the muffled beat of horses' hoofs could be heard galloping on the rolling veldt; then there was a rumble like distant thunder. It died away; then it came again, and again, and still again.

"Those are platoons of cavalry crossing a hard wagon-road," said the colonel. "The Boers, you know, never go in any regular order like that."

The eastern heavens behind the two high kopjes three miles across the open veldt began to grow red. The shadows of the kopjes began to grow deeper in comparison.

"Did you hear that?" Blake asked, and turned to peer into the deep shadows in the valleys to the southwest of the kopjes. Some stones were rolling together.

"They are scrambling through that deep sluit that runs along down there," he said, as he stood straight up, looked all about him, and listened. Major McBride, a typical son of old Ireland, with painful red whiskers, deep blue eyes, and an unconscious witticism with half the sentences he utters, came up.

"Shure, Colonel, and how is it yez make out that somethin' is movin' down there? A lot of thorn trees have growed up down there in the night, or ilse it's a few rigiments av Lancers, begorra!" McBride interposed.

The sky around Lombard's Kop was rapidly taking on the shade of McBride's whiskers. That mass of black that might have been a grove of thorn trees was moving farther to the left.

"That's cavalry." Blake pointed to the left. "The artillery is down there in the open veldt, half-way between here and Bulwayno, and the infantry ought to be over here to the right. That's professional military."

It was getting still lighter.

"Don't you see that khaki helmet down there among those red rocks?"

Blake pointed down in the direction from whence had come the sound of rolling stones a short time before.

"They are fools for wearing that light khaki among these red kopjes and rocks."

It was getting much lighter now, and Blake turned to look where the cavalry detachment was stationed.

"Well, I'll be damned if they haven't more cavalry out there than I thought they had in all South Africa! Look! coming out of that sluit! Hello! I thought so. What do you see now?" He was looking straight down into the valley to the southeast.

They might have been ant-bear holes, if they had not been in such a straight line and at such mathematical distances.

"Six batteries, six guns each!" Blake ejaculated. "Beautifully placed, and right where a shell won't kill as many men with flying pieces of rock as it will with its own slugs. I don't believe that there is a rock within a half-mile of that artillery. Nice, isn't it? Artillery to shell us to pieces, cavalry to take our left flank, and infantry our right. My Lord! look among those rocks! Not less than—look over there in that dry sluit to the right—not less than 5000 men down there on that flank. Let's see—450, 75, 150—there are not 700 Boers on this side of Ladysmith. Lucas Meyer and his commando are five miles northeast of here. Well, I can see that my father's son is a corpse, and, boys, your wives will be widows before night. Hang you, O'Riley, keep quiet! You will get enough fighting before you are an hour older."

McBride was digging a hole, and in a few minutes the flag of Ireland, or, rather, a big square of green cloth which had been bought in Johannesburg, was floating over that rock-strewn kopje. Twenty yards the other side of the big Creusot was the red, white, blue, and green flag of the Transvaal Republic.

Men were running in every direction. Americans and Irishmen were piling up stone breastworks along the edge of the kopje that faced the British infantry. The canvas had disappeared from "Long Tom." An old Boer, on a Basuto pony that dodged the rocks like a sheep, rode up to Colonel Trichardt, the commanding officer of the Boer artillery, handed him a message from General Joubert, and galloped away, his long silky whiskers waving over his left shoulder. The sun was just peeping over Lombard's Kop when Lieutenant Du Toit closed the breech on a big shell in Long Tom, studied the distances in the uncertain light a moment, and then gave the range and the order to fire.

"Every man under cover!" Blake yelled to his men.

The angry tongue of fire and the frothy smoke had scarcely left the muzzle of the big Creusot when that line of thirty-six black holes away down in the flats below leaped into flame. There was no smoke from those guns. Every man flattened himself against the ground; there was a long roar like a peal of thunder. And then as you lay hard against the damp earth watching an ant that came out of a hole in the ground two inches from your right eye, you wonder if all the sufferings in the infernal regions were concentrated into one piercing, agonizing scream, growing louder and louder every tenth of a second—you wonder if that would equal this invention of civilized men. You wonder if you could get along in life best without your left arm or right leg. You move both and jerk your right hand under your body. It would be impossible to get along without that hand. You wonder if that ant will get killed; then you laugh. It seems like an hour since you saw those flashes of fire down there in the flats. Then you wonder if you have not some strange fever. It is hideous. Then it is all over. You find you are not dead. You are sure that after that experience you will never be surprised at any combination of noises in this world or any other. That final crash doubled you up, but you are glad that you were not over there in front of that red rock which has a big blue splotch on it.

"Every one burst too high," Blake called out from the stone he was sitting on.

"Colonel, faith and oi'll wager that big kittle of coffee is shpoiled," called out O'Riley from behind a big bowlder. "Oi saw three of those blasted shrapnel shells drop right over the edge of this same kopje where oi left the kittle boilin'."

With little more concern than he would have shown while closing a stove door on a stick of wood, Du Toit again closed the breech on a long shell, and studied the scene, which was now getting very distinct. Half-way to its destination that big shell passed six smaller ones from the British battery on the left. A little farther on it passed six more from the second battery; and just as it burst the third battery belched forth six tongues of fire; and then the fourth, then the fifth, then the sixth, then the first, and for two solid hours there was not a break in the steady rain of shells. Every eight minutes the big cannon sent its shells down among the battery horses in the rear of the British artillery. Then one fell amongst the gunners at the first battery. It was getting too smoky on the kopje to see well, and Long Tom's muzzle was turned toward the cavalry on the left, and three shells ploughed through the Lancers. You could see men and horses mix up on the ground; then after a short commotion the cavalry was motionless again. For a time the sun was fearfully hot; then the smoke from the bursting shells acted as a screen. They were all breaking high in the air, and some about a hundred yards too far in the rear. Still the cavalry waited out there at

PLACING BOER ARTILLERY ON PEPWORTH HILL, OCTOBER 29, 1899.
Photographs by E. H. Easton.

J. M. A. Wolmerans, Chief of Executive Council. Dr. F. W. Reitz, Secretary of State. General Schalk-Burger, Commander at Colenso. General H. M. Kock, Wounded at Elandslaagte.

General Piet Joubert. President Paul Kruger. General Piet Cronje.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

the left, and the infantry patiently baked among the merciless red rocks down at the right, expecting that finally a shell would surely disable the big gun. The hours melted slowly away until eleven o'clock, and not a man on Pepworth Hill had a scratch, although half the bowlders were covered with blue splotches where the slugs and pieces of shell had struck. Then a half-hour passed without a shell being fired from the big Creusot. The infantry on the right began to move up, and exposed three Maxims. The cavalry on the left started on a slow gallop toward the hill, each rider bending close to his horse's neck, while the long lances presented a menacing front beyond the horses' heads.

The infantry had come within twelve hundred yards of the hill. The Americans and Irishmen waited patiently for the word.

"Don't waste a single cartridge. Keep cool, boys," Blake called out "It is twelve to fifteen hundred yards."

The sights were raised, and the blued steel barrels of the Mausers stuck out from among the big bowlders in a haphazard line. The British artillery stopped firing.

"All right, boys," Blake called out, as he trained his own rifle down the slope.

It sounded as if men were beating boards with hammers. When the English Maxims began to work, the Nordenfeldts on the kopje replied. Then the Krupp gun ploughed a nasty path through a company of Highlanders. The empty Mauser shells began to pile up beside each American and Irishman. Then Long Tom sent a shell crashing into the cavalry, which had come close up on the left. A second shell sent them back to their original position, leaving a trail of mangled horses and Lancers on the open veldt. The infantry came slowly on. Men dropped with fearful regularity. Some one had a perfect range on the English Maxims. Man after man went down at them. A score of shrill bugle calls rang out, and the infantry retreated out of rifle-range again. Then the British artillery again rained shells at the big cannon. The sun was directly overhead when the shells began ploughing up the ground near Long Tom. They were getting a splendid range. Then one exploded just over the muzzle, and another at the breech. Du Toit went down on his back, with his left hip torn away. Six gunners were struck with shrapnel. And still the shells rained about the big cannon.

"Send me six men to carry shells," called out Colonel Trichardt to Blake.

About a dozen Irishmen who heard the order responded. Blake selected six unmarried men, and sent the rest back to watch the infantry. The Creusot sent two more shells into the cavalry, and three Irishmen went down in a heap just as they had deposited as many shells near the big gun.

Again the infantry on the right started up. Du Toit was still giving orders. The Irish-American Mausers were pumped with fearful regularity, and again the Krupp gun sent its shells among the regiments of infantry, while the Maxims swept back and forth among the rocks and dry sluits, as the Fusiliers and Highlanders scrambled over them. The bugle calls came again, and they retreated out of range. Long Tom was still sending his shells into the cavalry. The thirty-six British guns again opened on the kopje. It was soon so smoky that the plain below could not be seen. Two more Irishmen and an American went down after bringing up ammunition. It was just one o'clock when Blake turned to say something to one of his men and a shell burst a few yards above his head. His right arm went down, and he sank to his knees with a convulsive shudder. Blood was trickling from his right ear; there was a long rent in his coat at the shoulder and a hole through the brim of his sombrero, while the blood was spurting through a hole in his coat sleeve over his right forearm. A dozen men were around him in a second. They jerked off his sombrero, but the only mark on his head was a big blister which was raising behind his right ear and a small cut on the ear itself. Blake was gazing around him with a dazed expression on his face; then he shuddered again as one of his men poured a pint flask of brandy down his throat. A handkerchief was being twisted into a tight bandage around his arm, when he blinked consciously, and after looking at his arm and those around him, he smiled a bit grimly as he said, "That one meant business, didn't it?" He stood up and shook himself and pushed the holster of his pistol in front of his right hip. The shells were still bursting over the kopje.

"They haven't got me yet. I'll be damned if I can't shoot as well with my left hand as with my right! But say, old man, do you know, there isn't a particle of feeling in this right arm. I suppose that slug has finished it. If the whole pack of us aren't finished before this music lets up, a hand or a foot here and there don't make any difference. I'm a nasty-looking sight now with this blood all over me. Cox, if you don't get under cover and stay there I will reduce you to the ranks!" Cox started to do as he was told, but just then the butt end of a shell struck him in the throat.

Suddenly there was a lull, and from the low range of kopjes three miles to the northeast you could hear the booming of cannon.

"That is General Lucas Meyer," said Blake. "It's time he arrived." For the third time the infantry down at the right was pressing up toward the hill. Long Tom was turned in that direction, the Krupp gun was being relieved of shells as fast as possible, the Maxims were pounding away, and every Mauser was being pumped with frightful speed. The booming away off to the left continued. The British artillery was trying to silence the re-enforcements, and had swung around in line facing the north. The infantry at the right was again retreating, and then the big Creusot sent one of its shells flying into the British artillery forces. The Maxims and the Krupp gun were still ploughing into the infantry. The smoke had cleared entirely from Pepworth Hill. General Meyer's cannon were doing frightful havoc among the Lancers. Then there was a lull. New horses had come up for the British artillery. The Lancers fell back, and in ten minutes the Lancers, artillery, and infantry were fleeing back into Ladysmith. The big Creusot followed them with shells until they disappeared behind the little red hills that enclosed the town on the north.

It was just two o'clock in the afternoon of October 30 when the last shot was fired which sealed the doom of General White's offensive operations. Blake and some of his wounded had started for Pepworth Farm, where the Red Cross flag had just been placed, when Major McBride, his face and red whiskers greasy with powder smoke, accosted him.

"Shure, Colonel, but wasn't it a glo-or-r-rious day fer ould Ireland?" and Blake smiled grimly as he looked at his numb right hand, which was already beginning to swell.

The Puerto Rico Carnival

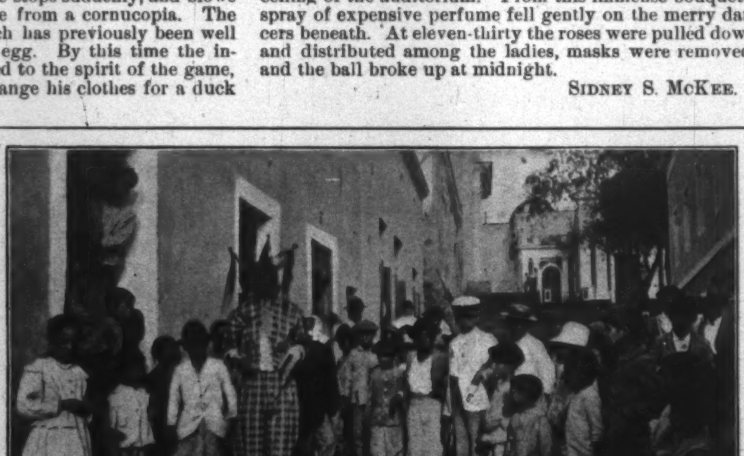
THE carnival season in Puerto Rico opened on February 25 this year, and continued during the two subsequent days and nights. It was the gayest season of the year in Puerto Rico, and corresponded to the Mardi-gras as observed in New Orleans. The carnival in Puerto Rico is celebrated in much the same manner as is the Mardi-gras. The people certainly have as much enjoyment, even though their celebration cannot be compared to the New Orleans affair in magnificence and in the general festivities In Puerto Rico the three days preceding Ash-Wednesday are given over to one grand masquerade.

Strangers in Ponce, particularly Americans, are not forewarned of what is to happen during these three days. It is left to them to discover for themselves how the Puertoriqueños celebrate their carnival. The stranger goes into the streets as usual, and as he turns the first corner he, likely as not, receives an egg full in the breast. It is not a real egg, of course, but a shell deftly sealed with paper and filled with perfumed water. This is an unexpected experience. The victim glances around in a dazed, amazed manner, and catches a glimpse of a pair of dancing black eyes smiling down at him from the balcony. He continues his walk, and before he has proceeded a dozen paces a shower of many-colored little pieces of paper descends, seemingly from a clear sky. He is a little perplexed by this time, and may be vexed. He quickens his gait, and turns aside to allow a pretty señorita to pass. When she is abreast of him she stops suddenly, and blows a quart of flour full in his face from a cornucopia. The flour settles on his coat, which has previously been well moistened by the water-filled egg. By this time the innocent American has awakened to the spirit of the game, and returns to his room to change his clothes for a duck suit, which will be more presentable after being showered with flour and water.

Most strange are the costumes seen on the streets. Half-naked boys, their bodies shining with coats of tar, their faces and breasts cut with great gashes of red paint, represent Zulu warriors; a claw-footed, fork-tailed representation of his Satanic Majesty dashes up the street, scattering the crowd as he passes. An Italian brigand leads a make-up performing bear across the plaza. Every girl one meets is masked; many are clad in multicolored dresses.

The three days' festival ended with a grand masquerade ball at the theatre, known as "La Baile de Piñata," so named from a huge bouquet of roses suspended from the ceiling of the auditorium. From this immense bouquet a spray of expensive perfume fell gently on the merry dancers beneath. At eleven-thirty the roses were pulled down and distributed among the ladies, masks were removed, and the ball broke up at midnight.

SIDNEY S. MCKEE.



STREET SCENES IN PONCE.

EVERT STOOD STILL WITH THE SHAWL IN HIS HAND.

The Action and the Word.* By Brander Matthews

CHAPTER VI.

"ARE you all ready?" asked Sherrington, giving a last glance around the stage. "You may ring up," he said to the prompter, as he walked toward the side where Evert was standing with Carla and Gurney Twiss, ready to go on.

With chill apprehension Evert heard the bell ring and saw the curtain begin slowly to rise. It was too late now to back out, and Carla would have to go through with the thing as best she could. But suppose she should have a sudden attack of stage-fright and lose her voice, or forget her part, or break down altogether? And Evert clutched his wife's hand to encourage her.

She gave him an answering pressure. "Why, Evert," she said, "you are trembling!"

"Am I?" he asked. "You mustn't, anyhow."

"It's in the middle of the first act that I get frozen stiff and my voice goes and I don't know what I'm doing," Gurney Twiss declared. "Why, when I played *Charles Surface*, I—"

But Sherrington had reached them. "Don't be scared, Mrs. Brookfield," he said, encouragingly. "You will be all right. Take it easy until you pick yourself up again. Don't be in a hurry; and let your voice out."

"I'm not a bit frightened," she answered; "I don't see why either of you should think so. I'm certain it's going to be a big success!"

Evert felt her warm hand as it lay in his cold palm, and he could not detect a tremor. He glanced at her, and she seemed perfectly self-possessed. He thought he had never seen her looking better, and he remarked how becoming her riding-habit was, with the severe hat contrasting with the lively countenance beneath it.

"That's right, that's right," Sherrington returned. "But remember to speak very distinctly and make 'em hear you."

The few opening lines of the play had been spoken by *Pauline* the maid, and the time came for *Frou Frou* to enter.

"There's your cue," said Sherrington. "Now go, and let 'em have it."

She rushed on the stage, looked about for the newspaper she was supposed to be seeking, found it on a table at last, crossed to a sofa, and dropped down, fanning herself with the folded paper.

The broken sentence or two she had to speak could not be heard in the sudden outbreak of applause, which died away only to rise again and again, until *Frou Frou* had to rise and bow, in spite of the fact that *Valréas*, in the person of Gurney Twiss, had rushed upon the stage after her, and was standing awkwardly behind her sofa, somewhat disconcerted by the prolonged welcome with which Mrs. Brookfield was greeted.

For two or three Sundays the great amateur performance of "Frou Frou" had been the chief topic in the society columns of the newspapers, and it had been repeatedly announced as "the society event of the season." Mrs. Suydam, after careful consideration, had drawn up a list of patronesses containing the names of all the acknowledged leaders of New York society, and of a few of the richest and most eligible of the social aspirants, known as "climbers." The tickets had all been disposed of more than ten days before, and some of the best seats had been resold at a premium. One belated philanthropist had been forced to advertise his willingness to pay twice the original price for a subscriber's box.

Evert heard the applause with surprise; he had not expected more than a perfunctory clapping of hands; it gave him a throb of excitement, and he wanted it to go on yet longer. He knew it would gratify Carla, who was perfectly frank in her desire to be well received. He wondered which of his many friends scattered all over the house was most enthusiastic. He knew that his father had a seat in Mrs. Suydam's box, where d'Armagnac and De Ruyter also were. He had heard of Mrs. Carkendale's delight at the promised presence in her box of Mrs. Winston-Smith and the Bartlett girls. He wished he could look out, and see if the assembly was really as brilliant as the opening night of the opera; and he remembered that Mrs. Jimmy had passed the word around that it was to be an occasion when a woman could wear all her diamonds.

At last, after *Frou Frou* had been forced to bow again and again, *Valréas* was able to begin, and the action of the play went on. It was only a short scene that *Frou Frou* had at first, and then she left the story to be taken up by the others.

Evert was waiting for her as she came off radiant.

"I did get a splendid reception, didn't I?" she asked, as they went swiftly toward the dressing-room, the one usually occupied by the prima donna of the opera. "I'm sure it is going to be a great success."

"Then you are enjoying it?" Evert inquired, as they came to the door of the room, where his wife had swiftly to change her costume.

"Enjoying it?" she repeated. "I never had such a good time before in my whole life. I'm perfectly happy! I feel as if I'd like to go on acting for ever and ever!"

Evert said nothing, but smiled in sympathy with her enjoyment.

"You wait for me here," she said. "I've got to get out of this habit and into a dinner gown, and it's going to be a terrible rush. And I want you here when I come out, to tell me if I'm presentable."

She had brought her own maid with her, and Evert knew that he would only be in her way while she made the quick change which would enable her to reappear toward the end of the act.

He turned away from the door, and was greeted by Gordon Scott, all ready for his own entrance as *Sartorys*.

Evert had an instinctive dislike for the man, which he felt to be groundless, and therefore to be conquered, so he shook hands with a cordiality he did not feel.

"Mrs. Brookfield got a splendid reception," the actor began, "but the house seems to me rather cold so far. Fashionable people are very hard to thaw out. But they'll wake up sooner or later. That scene of the two sisters in the third act, that will fetch them if nothing else does. That's Mrs. Brookfield's best scene, I think; and Archibald's very good in it, too."

"I do not know whether that is her best scene really," Evert responded. "Don't you think the death scene, now—"

"You can't get me to say I like that last act," said Scott, with a self-satisfied laugh. "*Sartorys* is no good in the last act."

"But he behaves nobly," Evert returned, "and—"

"I don't mean the man," the actor broke in, as the other hesitated. "The man's all right enough, I suppose. It's the part that's all wrong. In the last act *Sartorys* is only a feeder; *Frou Frou* has all the fat; and even *Louise* can get that scene away from him."

"It had seemed to me that *Sartorys* was a very fine part," Evert declared, amazed at this technical view.

"It isn't so bad," the actor admitted; "but it might be better without being any too good. Why, I've only one little scene in the fourth act, and I might just as well not be on in the fifth, for all the good it does me. 'Frou Frou' is a star play really, and there isn't much in it for anybody else."

Evert noticed that Scott was paying attention to what was being done on the stage even while he was conversing. After they had exchanged a few more sentences the actor broke off suddenly.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2250.

"It's my turn in a minute," he said, adjusting his coat and picking up his hat again. "I wonder whether I shall get a hand?"

In a minute his cue came, and he went on the stage. Evert listened, and he heard a fair amount of applause—nothing to compare with that which had greeted Carla, but enough, so her husband thought, to satisfy any mere man.

A moment after Scott had made his entrance, Gurney Twiss made his exit.

"Don't stop me," he cried. "I can't stay and chatter with you. I've got to make a lightning change."

Then as he sped past Evert, he called back over his shoulder: "It's going beautifully, isn't it? Before we get through we'll show those professionals that they are not the only people who can act!"

Left alone, Evert walked to and fro in the ample space between the walls and the scenery that boxed in the comparatively small part of the huge stage which was to be used in the performance of the unspectacular play. He smiled as he contrasted the professional calmness of Scott with the feverish anxiety of Twiss; and he almost laughed aloud as he recalled how unconsciously each had revealed his own egotism. He asked himself whether there was anything in the actor's calling which forced a man to be thinking always of himself, and he wondered whether Carla might be infected by this.

He had not time to analyze this novel suggestion when she came toward him. The simple dinner dress of a delicate blue was as becoming to her, so he thought, as the riding-habit had been. It was not cut low, since *Gilberte* in the first act is only a girl; but it was open at the throat, and it revealed her graceful neck and well-rounded arms. As she came swimming toward him he thought her lovelier than ever, and he would have liked to clasp her to him, and to carry her off where nobody else could gaze at her.

"I wasn't long, was I?" she asked, as the maid stooped and shook out the folds of the gown. She held a gauzy shawl in her hand.

"Won't you put that shawl on until it is your turn?" he urged. "It isn't any too warm here."

"What an old fidget you are!" she retorted, smiling up at him. "But I'm very good, and I'll do anything to please you."

So she let him drape the shawl about her.

"That bracelet is loose," he said. "Can't I—"

"No, you can't, you old stupid!" she declared. "Don't you know I have to get *Louise* to fasten that for me on the stage?"

"I can't remember everything you have to do," he said, penitently.

"Of course not," she returned, gayly. "But I must remember for you. How is it going now?"

"The play?" he answered. "It's all right, I suppose; I don't know. I haven't looked at the stage since you went to dress."

"That's a pity, for this is *Louise's* best scene, and Archibald is really very good in it," she replied, leading him to a corner where they could see what was being acted. "Mr. Scott rehearsed this very well, too; he's played it often with Modjeska. He looks the part, too—just like a man who would kill *Valréas* when the time comes. But I don't think he is so very handsome, do you?"

Evert desired not to be unfair to the man, and so he answered, "Well, he isn't bad-looking."

Carla glanced up again and laughed. "You are not very enthusiastic about it. I don't believe you will ever buy one of his photographs to put under your pillow and dream about, as so many girls do."

Then she examined her husband carefully as he stood beside her. He was a little uncomfortable under the scrutiny. "There isn't anything wrong with me, is there?" he asked.

"Wrong?" she echoed, merrily. "No, indeed! Do you know what I was thinking then?" She raised her hand and took hold of his beard, twisting the point of it with the caressing gesture that always gave him exquisite pleasure. "I saw how well that dress-suit fitted you, and how strong and tall you look to-night, and I was just thinking that my husband is the handsomest man I know!"

Before Evert could make any reply to this, she slipped the shawl from her shoulders and threw it to him, and flitted away, crying, "There's my cue in a minute."

Evert stood still with the shawl in his hand, and he watched *Frou Frou* trip out on the stage and beg *Louise* to fasten her bracelet for her. In fact, he did not stir from his post till the end of the act. He did not take his eyes from his wife, marvelling always at her ease and at the calmness with which she performed her part, never forgetting a word and never omitting any of the bits of "business" that Sherrington had suggested during the rehearsals. He had seen too much good acting while he was studying at the Beaux-Arts not to be aware that his wife was not an accomplished artist. She was unequal and uncertain, and often obviously amateurish; but the charm of the woman herself was thrown over all the deficiencies of the actress, and the result was delightful. She could not help being graceful and coquettish and fascinating, and her overpowering personality made all her defects as if they did not exist. In Evert's eyes even the occasional false notes in Carla's performance of *Frou Frou*, the misplaced emphasis here and the inadequate gesture there, were not so much artistic blemishes as captivating revelations of her own personality. He could easily conceive a more consummate art; but he would not have had her modify a movement or an intonation. It was not that what she did was perfect in his eyes; it was only that he loved her just as she was, and could not wish her different.

When the curtain fell on the first act there was abundant applause, and it had to rise again that the performers might be seen once more. But Evert felt that there was no deep enthusiasm as yet in the audience and that success was still to be conquered.

And in the second act the victory was not won, for that was the act in which Carla was seen to least advantage. With *Valréas*, *Frou Frou* has to rehearse a scene in a play, and the authors have ingeniously brought out the stiffness and artificiality of private theatricals; but this was quite beyond Carla's powers. It called for a degree of histrionic skill that she had not attained, and it demanded also a certain sense of humor. Now Evert had already discovered that his wife, gay as she was, and bright and quick-witted, was somewhat lacking in humor. As he watched this scene he detected a consciousness on her part that she was not doing it well. Certainly she was far less spontaneous and easy in the second act than she had been in the first. When the act was over at last, Evert thought that the applause was perfunctory only, and that it was almost a mockery for the curtain to be raised again in response to a request so half-hearted.

He escorted her to the dressing-room in silence.

"That was awful, wasn't it?" she asked, with a tear in the corner of her eye. "I don't see how I ever got through the act. I felt as if I wanted to die right there on the stage. I always did hate that scene; I couldn't help being hard and stiff and poky in it. I don't see why Sherrington didn't cut it out. I told him I knew I couldn't play it. He said it was necessary for the story, and I asked him if it was necessary for the story that I should have to make such a fool of myself. And I knew I should, too—I was just certain of it. And I did try so hard; you know I did, Evert. I went over it and I went over it, and it was all no use. I must have looked like a fright, too, for I'd no sooner got on than I felt that I wasn't becomingly dressed. I don't know what was wrong, but it was something, I'm sure. Oh, I wish I'd never let Mrs. Jimmy persuade me to act! If she wanted 'Frou Frou' for her working-girls, why did she not play *Frou Frou* herself? I just wish I was sitting up there quietly in a box taking it easy, and not caring at all whether it is going well or not. I don't believe she does care now; the tickets are all sold, and she's got the money for her working-girls. Working-girls, indeed—I wonder if any of them has ever worked as hard as I have worked this last week. I don't believe it! And as for Mrs. Jimmy, I know she never does anything at all. I think it is just hateful of her to have made me do this!"

Evert let her run on for a little while, believing that she could thus best relieve the tension of her nerves. At last he suggested that she was quite wrong in thinking that her dress was not becoming.

"And I took so much trouble about all my dresses, too," she declared, sorrowfully, "and they cost you an awful lot of money, Evert. I do think it is hard that they make me look such a fright. But the one I wear in the next act is the best of them, I'm sure, and that's lucky, too, because that's my best scene—the scene with Archibald. Sherrington says that if she plays up to me all right, that scene ought to fetch them, if nothing else does."

Evert reassured her as best he could; and then she turned him out of the dressing-room, declaring that she could not have him there talking to her when she had not a minute to lose.

He waited near the door until she was dressed again. He complimented her on the effect of that costume; and he was pleased to see that her spirits had returned, as though she had laid aside her despondency with the dress which had helped to cause it. She was still excited; her eyes glowed, and her own color was high under the rouge of the stage.

"If I don't fetch them in this act," she said to her husband, as they walked to the centre of the stage, "then I'm no good at all. I'd better give up and never try to act again. But I don't believe I'm going to fail. This is the hardest act of all, Sherrington says, and he thinks it is the one I do best."

Before Evert could answer, the stage-manager came toward them. He gave a final glance at the scenery and furniture, crossed to the piano and opened it, and then said, "If you are ready, Mrs. Brookfield?"

"I'm ready," she cried. "I'm ready." Then she turned to her husband. "Run along, Evert, and stand in the prompt-entrance there where I can see you and where you can see me. And I shall want you to tell me exactly what you think."

Evert did as he was bid; and in a minute the curtain rose on the third act, which, for *Frou Frou* herself, is the most exacting in the play, since she never leaves the stage, and since the emotions she has to express must be kept in hand carefully, so that they slowly swell in intensity until they break forth almost unrestrained in the final scene between the two sisters.

The act was played swiftly. *Frou Frou* has a scene with her friend the *Baroness*, a scene with her husband *Sartorys*, a scene with the man who loves her, *Valréas*; and then she is a silent spectator of the scene in which her husband seeks to get her sister *Louise* to accept a proposal of marriage. At last comes the culmination of the action, when *Frou Frou* turns on *Louise* and reproaches her, and taunts and insults her, and accuses her of having taken away both husband and child, and ends by bidding her keep what she has taken.

Evert followed this scene with a febrile excitement akin to *Frou Frou's* own. He could not disentangle *Frou Frou* and Carla.

When the act was over the applause rang out full and strong and sustained. The curtain had to be raised again and again; and finally Sherrington sent the performers out across the stage in front of the curtain, in pairs, with *Sartorys* and *Frou Frou* last. It was *Frou Frou* that the immense audience wished to acclaim; and as she stood there bowing only a few feet from Evert, while women were clapping and men were stamping, his heart sank within him, for he could not fail to see the triumphant happiness by which she was possessed.

He longed to have the thing over now as soon as possible, and he was glad when the fourth act began.

The play dragged slowly on, and Evert asked himself impatiently if it was never going to end. He could not keep quiet, and he turned abruptly away, almost running into Sherrington, who was approaching in company with a flashily dressed elderly man with a shrewd, boastful, vulgar face.

As he hurried away he heard the stage-manager say, "That's her husband," and he shrank from the remark as though it had been a blow.

He checked his pace as the elderly man spoke. "Do you suppose he would object? She'd be the biggest go on the road; I'll stake my reputation on that. I'd give her five hundred a week and a percentage, and I'd make big money, too. It ain't easy to get a good play, one that would be a vehicle for her; but of course we might try the legitimate—only the 'Lady of Lyons' is pretty well played out now, and there isn't much draft left in 'Galatea.' Say, she'd be fine in 'Galatea,' wouldn't she?"

Evert had stopped to listen to this, with no consciousness of his eavesdropping. Now he waked up and went on.

Miss Margaret Archibald was standing near him, watching the performance through an open door, as *Louise* does not appear in the fourth act. Evert had spoken to her half a dozen times at the rehearsals he had attended. He had not thought about her since, but he had formed the impression that she was a woman of much dignity of character.

He approached her now. "Miss Archibald," he began, "can you tell me who that man is—the man talking to Mr. Sherrington?"

She walked back with him until the two men were in view, concealed as they had been by the scenery.

"That's Zeke Kilburn!" she answered. "I wonder what he has come for?"

"Zeke Kilburn?" Evert repeated. "I've heard the name, I'm sure, but I don't place him."

"He is the manager of the Cosmopolitan Theatre," the actress explained. "I suppose Sherrington must have told him about this performance, and—"

"He's a manager?" Evert went on, pursuing his own thoughts. "Then— Oh, it's perfectly absurd! The whole thing is ridiculous." And he laughed irritably.

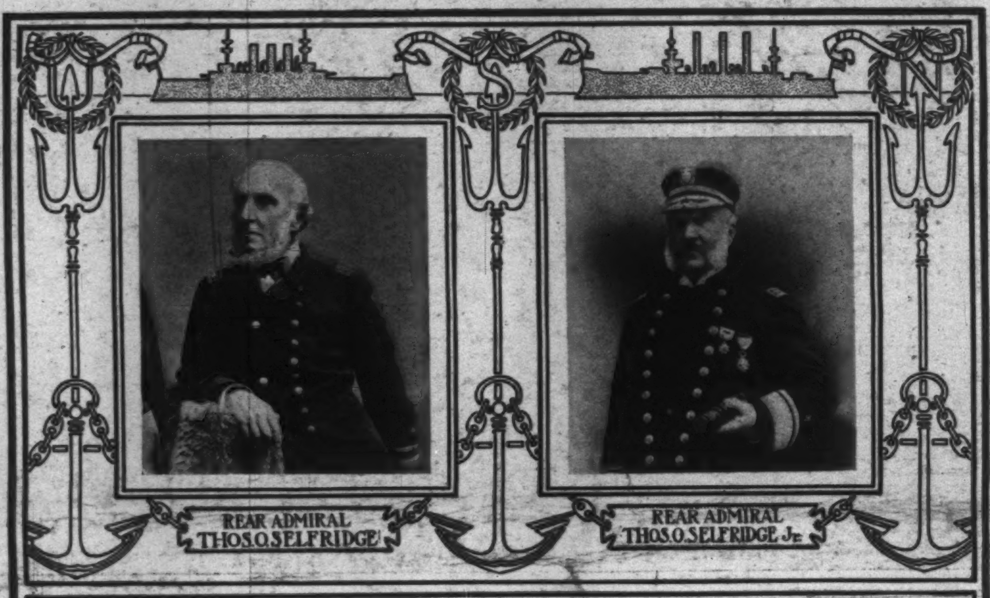
Miss Archibald looked up at him in amazement.

"I beg your pardon," he said, suddenly aware of his rudeness. "I wasn't thinking of you at all. I had just heard something, and—I trust you will forgive me?"

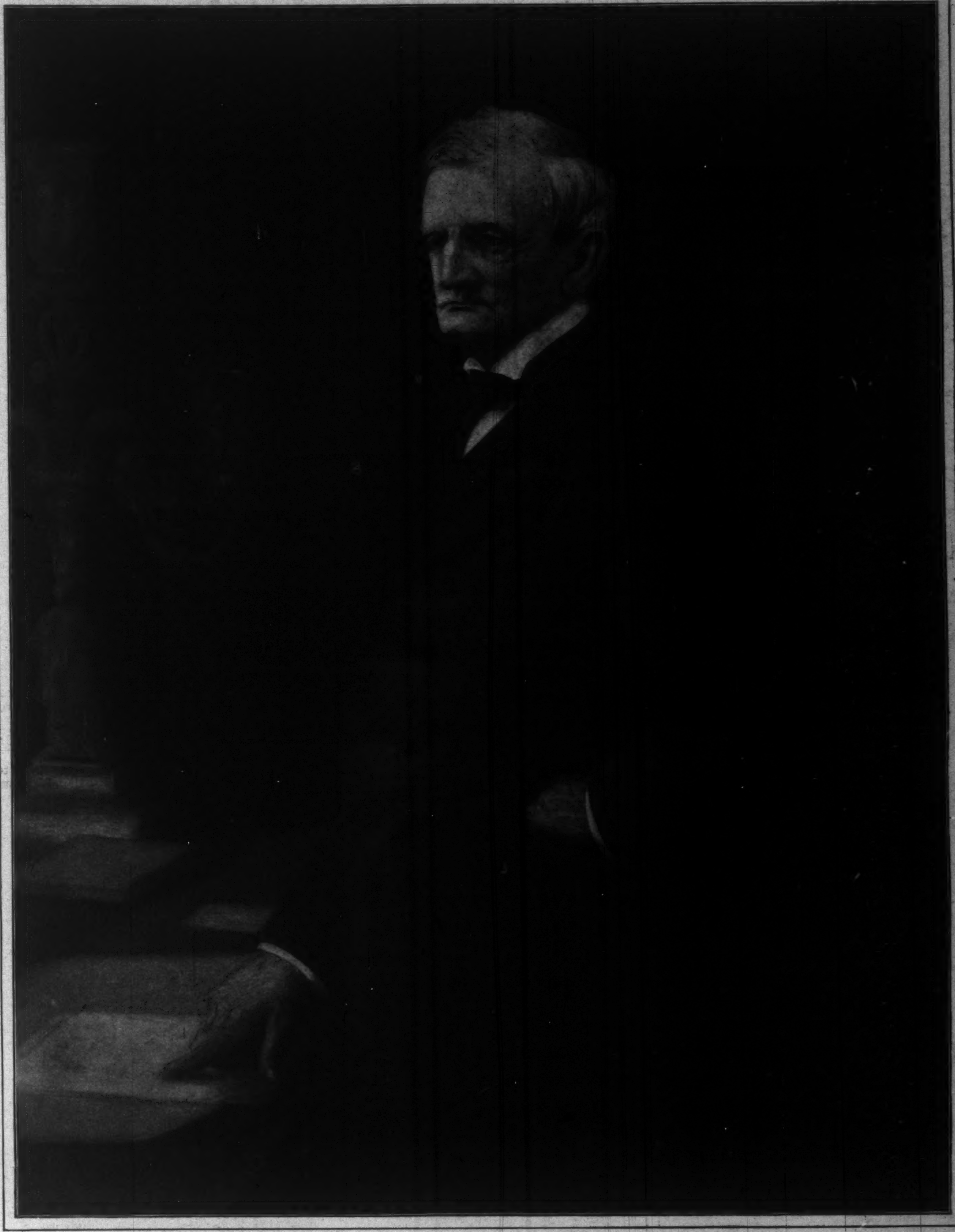
"Oh, certainly!" she said, but she turned away a little indifferently.

A minute later, and the fourth act was over.

Carla came straight toward him, with a slight dissatisfaction visible on her face.



The retired list of United States Naval Officers is headed by the name of Rear-Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, who was retired on April 24, 1866, a year after the close of the Civil War. He is now nearly ninety-four years old. The twenty-fifth name on the list is that of his son, Rear-Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, Jr., who was retired from active service on account of age on February 6, 1898. He is nearly sixty-three years old.



WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY AUGUSTUS FRANZEN.

"I never did like that act," she declared. "*Frou Frou* really hasn't anything to do. But I'll fetch them again in the fifth act—see if I don't. The fifth act is almost as good for me as the third; and didn't we catch them with that third act?"

Evert was glad that she was so taken with her own thoughts that she could not scrutinize the expression on his face. She smiled again, and then disappeared in her dressing-room.

Then Evert went toward the lady who was responsible for the situation in which he found himself.

"I've come to congratulate you!" said Mrs. Jimmy. "You must be in the seventh heaven! Mrs. Brookfield is admirable—simply admirable!"

Evert smiled coldly. "Yes," he said at last; "I thought that she did play that scene with the sister very effectively."

"Effectively?" repeated Mrs. Jimmy. "Is that all you can say for it? If I had acted as well as that, and my husband praised me in that cold-blooded fashion, I should want to get a divorce."

"Ah, but you did not act at all," Evert was able to retort.

"And it is lucky I did not, isn't it?" she answered. "I suppose I can go in and see Carla? I've got something to say to her—besides congratulating her, of course."

She knocked at the door, and the maid immediately admitted her.

Evert wanted air; he wanted a long walk; he wished he was on horseback on the sea-shore, with the ocean breeze blowing full on him and sweeping away all sickly odors of the theatre. He remembered one gallop he had had with Carla out toward Point Judith, only a fortnight after he had first met her, and he longed to go back and live it over again.

In a few minutes Mrs. Suydam and Mrs. Brookfield came out of the dressing-room together. The president of the Working-girls' Rest and Recreation League went back to her box, escorted by Gurney Twiss, who was supposed to have been killed in the fourth act. Carla took her position near the door by which she was to enter, and the fifth act began.

Evert stood by his wife's side until she made her entrance. And he remained in the same place throughout the act. His hatred of this play-acting grew the more he brooded over it, and his impatience to have the thing done and ended forever.

It was with a long-drawn sigh of relief that he saw the curtain slowly fall on the final act. The great amateur performance of "Frou Frou" was over at last, and Evert Brookfield reflected that it would be his fault if his wife was ever again to be mixed up in anything of the sort.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FROZEN

DRAWN BY FRED

N SHEEP-HERDER

FREDERIC REMINGTON

OUR AMBASSADORS ABROAD

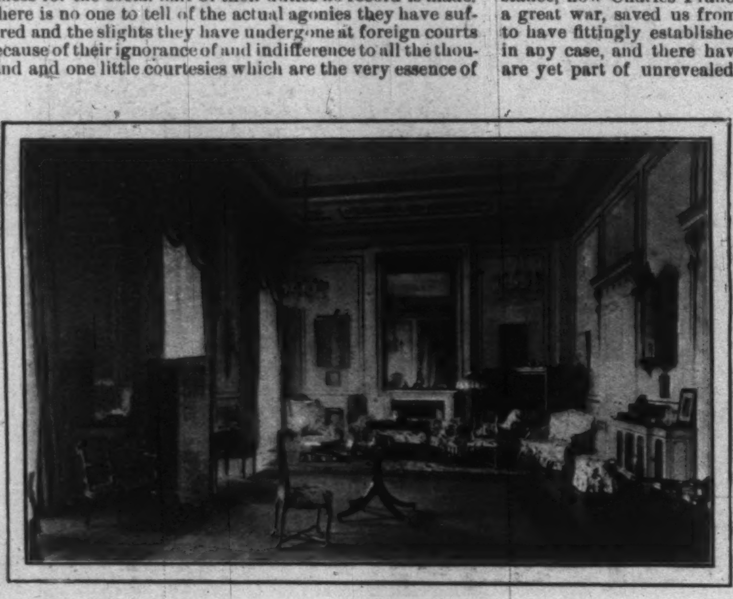
At the Court of St. James

It is undeniably true that the mission to London is the most attractive and most satisfactory of all our diplomatic posts. But in accordance with the inevitable demand of the piper for his pay, its honors do not outweigh its responsibilities, nor its pleasures lessen its harassing annoyances. Not only does a new ambassador, in his intercourse with the English people, have to live up to a long record of brilliant predecessors. He must have unfailing tact in dealing with the great number of his own countrymen who crowd his doors. This last is not the least difficult of his duties. One only needs to watch the crowd of visitors which during the spring and summer comes "to call on our ambassador," to see that patience must be a primary virtue in his household. His diplomatic duties are more important and more continuous than similar duties at any foreign capital. But it is safe to say that these trouble him not half so much as the social demands made upon his time, particularly the requests coming from his own people for presentation at court and preferment generally in the brilliant high world where his position places him. The diplomatic record which our representatives have made in London is an enduring monument to their native ability, coming into the position as they do without the long technical training enjoyed by their colleagues. What wrecks mark the way are, strange to say, due almost wholly to social indiscretions and the enmities growing out of them. More than one head of mission, more than one secretary, has failed of continuance in office because of some mistake or unintended slight in meeting the expectations of his visiting countrymen, or, to be more exact, his visiting countrywomen. In other capitals abroad the American has trouble enough in meeting the demands of foreign society. When to this is added, as it is in London, a host of his exigeant country-people, the difficulty is no small one.

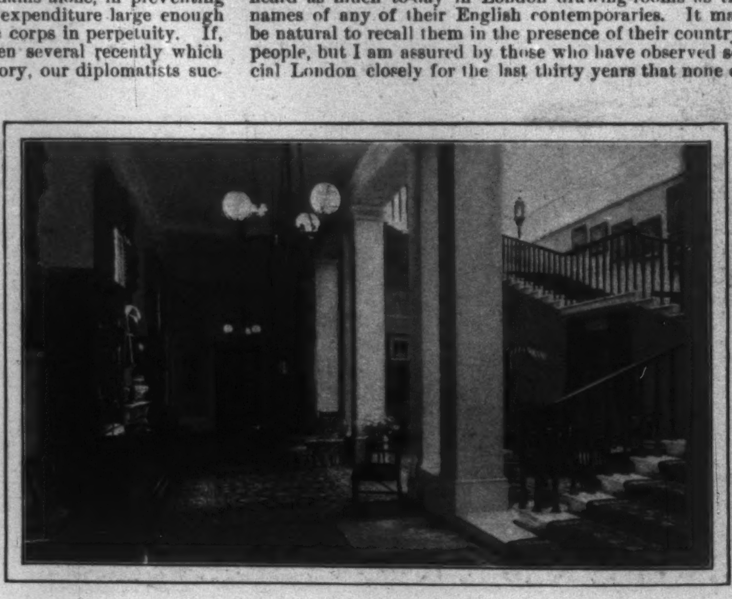
Social and political duties are as intricately interwoven as I have written them here. But this is one of the salient features of diplomacy which our democratic view of its work has almost wholly ignored. Confident, and justly so, in the true strength of our public men, we have maintained that the training given by a permanent diplomatic service is unnecessary. And in the excellent record made everywhere by our untrained diplomatists, whenever they have been called upon for really significant work, there is much to justify the contention. But of their unfitness for the social half of their duties no record is made. There is no one to tell of the actual agonies they have suffered and the slights they have undergone at foreign courts because of their ignorance of and indifference to all the thousand and one little courtesies which are the very essence of diplomatic life. To my mind, no more really pitiable situation exists than one, which is often the case abroad, where some great, strong-hearted American is faithfully serving his country, terribly sick for his home, in the midst of a foreign atmosphere to which he cannot adapt himself, among people who, in their turn, cannot see or appreciate his sterling qualities under his unconventional manner. Successful courtiers should be trained while young. We leave the man to grow old in his habits and in his modes of thought. Then we suddenly transfer him to some foreign court, difficult enough for the initiated, and expect him to live there and work there in our interests. How can he ever be expected to remember which ambassadress has precedence over the others, or who should be seated where at his dinner table. Yet such small things have in their turn decided as many international difficulties as the greatest battles. It is all very well for our republican governors to dismiss with a wave of the hand any such thing as a consideration of social fitness in the selection of public officials. They would not do so if they fully realized how manners are the very breath of diplomatic life, and how the proper bow and the proper smile, to say nothing of the proper dinner, have often carried the day in contentions between governments over justice and indisputable right. If there were space here it could easily be proven that in the Bering Sea controversy at St. Petersburg between the United States and Great Britain the social prestige of the palatial British embassy almost of itself carried the day as against the insignificant position in the great world of our unhoused and poorly paid minister. We lost enough then to have put our whole diplomatic corps forever into fitting domiciles supplied with adequate compensation. It is hard to explain briefly the strength of social prestige in any European capital. The care which those countries oldest in diplomacy bestow upon this feature of their service is the best argument in its favor. No government of to-day, particularly no government of parliaments and disputed budgets, makes unnecessary expenditures. If palaces for ambassadors to live in, fitting salaries, fat perquisites, and even large allowances for entertainment did not pay, they would not exist. And the sooner our government sees fit to profit by the lessons of their experience, the better it will be for us.

If what we have lost has not induced us to see the necessity of better caring for our too long neglected corps, what we have gained through its unassisted ability should cause us, in gratitude, to return to them some of the profits of their labors. It could be easily shown, for instance, how Charles Francis Adams alone, in preventing a great war, saved us from an expenditure large enough to have fittingly established the corps in perpetuity. If, in any case, and there have been several recently which are yet part of unrevealed history, our diplomatists succeed in averting war for only one day, they earn enough to support the whole body in fitting style for a year. So badly do we need fit men, fitly paid, and fit houses for them to live in, that few travellers can return home untouched by this crying necessity. The houses and the salaries can of course be instantly obtained, once the generous interest of Congress is aroused. The men must be trained in a permanent service. No one expects volunteer soldiers or sailors to equal trained regulars in any combat. Even as backward as we are in this regard, we at least insist upon a small permanent force of each, well trained for their duties. But we seem to ignore the fact that the battle-fields of to-day are the chancelleries, the foreign offices, the drawing-rooms, of the world's capitals. And we leave our interests in these contests wholly in the hands of raw recruits. The wonder of it is that we come out as well as we do. The result is an everlasting tribute to the intellect and astuteness of American manhood. But why should we suffer them to fight against such heavy disadvantages? What might they not accomplish if, equal in training and material support to their adversaries, they still had this splendid fund of native ability to draw upon? These arguments cannot be prolonged or elaborated here. But surely if they were properly put, even before our democratic law-makers, they would secure attention and more generous consideration for the claims of our representatives abroad.

The mission to London has perhaps suffered less than any other from the obvious faults of a poorly paid and irregular service. We have always been able to command for that post the services of our most distinguished men. And for the most part they have been as courtly as wise. Our relations with the mother-country have from the beginning been naturally more important than with any other. Whether in softening hostility or in encouraging friendship, our representatives have always had much to occupy their time. And in view of the present felicitous state of feeling between the two countries, it is not too much to say that it is largely due to the efforts of the able men who have recently headed the mission to St. James's. The history of that mission is so nearly the history of our country that it does not call for even slight notice here. Our ministers and ambassadors have nearly always made popular places for themselves in the English great world. Of late years, since the civil war, it has been perhaps the steady purpose, but also the evident pleasure, of the governing powers in London to pay especial honor to American diplomatists. The names of Schenck, of Lowell, of Phelps, of Bayard, and of Hay are heard as much to-day in London drawing-rooms as the names of any of their English contemporaries. It may be natural to recall them in the presence of their country-people, but I am assured by those who have observed social London closely for the last thirty years that none of



THE DRAWING-ROOM.



ENTRANCE TO HALLWAY.

the distinguished foreigners who have been its diplomatic guests have made a more lasting place in its pleasant recollections.

Since the post was raised to ambassadorial rank the way of its occupants has been much easier. Formerly in his frequent visits to Downing Street the American minister had always to wait in an antechamber while some ambassador, because of the precedence given to his rank, finished his business with the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Now the doors of the Foreign Office open promptly to the knock of the American, current favor adding its force to the rights of his office.

There may be some cause for complaint from more northern and more southern Americans in the style and title he has assumed. It may justly be called another case of Greedy Jonathan. For the cards of the latest envoys announce simply "The American Ambassador," and one is even invited to dine with "the American Ambassador and Mrs. ——." Canadians, Mexicans, or Brazilians might reasonably claim to be Americans also, but foreign custom has given to us alone this title. On foreign tongues, when Americans are mentioned, we are the people meant. And for that reason "Ambassador of the United States of America" has, in London at least, been discarded as an unnecessary mouthful. One Englishman, with whom I discussed this peculiarity in nomenclature the other day, laughingly said, "Oh, well, now that you have begun to break bounds, the designation is only a trifle premature."

Even though it has come to be gradually known in America that presentation at the English court does not carry with it any kind of an entrance to English society, and that this latter is only open to very rich or particularly well accredited visitors, the demand still far exceeds the opportunity. Four ladies may be presented at each of the five Drawing Rooms held during the season, and four gentlemen at each of the five levees. As the ambassador stands personally responsible for each person presented, either he must be well acquainted with applicants or they must come with exceptional endorsements. The limitation as to number fills the list for years ahead, and causes many Americans to accept presentation at the hands of English people who have the entrée.

The ambassador's social duties are many and varied. He has always the right to request an audience with the Queen, to whom he is directly accredited. But this, of course, he never does, as all business is transacted through the Minister for Foreign Affairs. On her side, however, the Queen has always shown herself particularly gracious to American diplomatists. It is only customary to invite to the "dine and sleep" parties at Windsor ambassadors and what are known as "the family ministers"—that is, ministers from the courts of royal relatives. But long before our representative was advanced in rank an exception to this rule was made in favor of the American minister. The sign of favor has been even further extended lately. During the vacancy in the embassy after Mr. Hay's resignation the *chargé d'affaires*, Mr. Henry White, with his wife, was asked to dine and sleep at Windsor. This almost unprecedented step showed to what extent Mr. White, so long a pillar of strength in the embassy, has won his way among the people to whom he is accredited.

The ambassador and his family are much sought after as guests, both during the London spring season and in that longer and more attractive portion of the year which the English world spends in the country. Then, too, the public dinner takes up a large portion of his time. No such occasion in England is complete without speeches, and during the recent years of good feeling the American ambassador has been a favored and popular guest. That he must be accomplished in the art of saying nothing on such occasions, and saying it pleasantly, some of our recent representatives have discovered to their cost. For the press and the people at home are far more sensitive and critical of the language of a representative abroad than the people to whom the words are addressed. No cornerstone can be laid, no public building opened, in England, without the assistance of some great personage. This is the actual trade of royalty, the labor by which it earns the bread of Parliamentary settlements. But often there is not enough royalty to go around; and if the sovereign or her family cannot participate, what better second choice could there be than the individual representative of some foreign sovereignty? So it comes to pass that often when a statue is unveiled or a public building inaugurated the American ambassador is what we would call the orator of the day. Then, too, there are several occasions when the American colony in England come together for the celebration of holidays peculiar to our country. On the Fourth of July there is a large reception at the Embassy. In the evening there is a dinner given by the American society in London. This same society celebrates with banquets the 22d of February (Washington's birthday), at which the ambassador is always a prominent guest. In short, after the royal family and the leaders of the government, the American ambassador is one of the most prominent figures of London life.

From its beginning the McKinley administration has enjoyed a representation at the English court which establishes a higher mark of success, both at home and abroad, than ever before achieved. Fully enjoying the advantages of a new era of international good feeling, Mr. Hay amply fulfilled all the requirements of the office, at the same time giving popular satisfaction at home. Although he only held the post for two years, his name seems well fixed in the long line of his famous predecessors. To fill the vacancy made by Mr. Hay's promotion the President sent as his personal representative to the Queen Mr. Joseph H. Choate, of New York, perhaps the best known of the great lawyers of America. Mr. Choate's distinguished career is so well known, and was so generally reviewed on the occasion of his recent appointment, that it need not be again recalled. When one says that a man has reached the very foremost place among practitioners at the American bar one tells a life story of success which does not need much amplification. Like the majority of those who have held the office before him, Mr. Choate has not been much of an active politician. The accusation is often just that our diplomatists are chosen because of partisan services rather than for personal fitness, but it cannot be applied to the London mission. A proper pride has always insisted that there we should put our best front forward, should proudly show in our independence what men we could produce.

CHALMERS ROBERTS.

THE AUGUSTIN DALY COLLECTION

TO the general public Mr. Daly was known in his lifetime as the proprietor of a playhouse which, in some measure, reproduced in this country the methods and standard of the Comédie Française; as one who, like Henry Irving in London, not only maintained the highest tradition of the English stage, but added to it something peculiarly modern—correct as well as elaborate costumes and setting. When other managers were content with stage "properties," mere counterfeit presentments of the objects introduced, he ransacked the antique stores on two continents to procure furniture and other accessories actually belonging to the period represented in the play. Accordingly the popular imagination has fastened on this side of his life's activity, and expects to see in the collection shortly to be on view at the American Art Galleries an amazing quantity of interesting material used in his stage productions.

On the other hand, this side of his life which he presented to the world constituted only a part—perhaps the smaller one—of his extraordinary activity. In his leisure moments he amassed a library, which in some particulars is the most important that has ever been submitted to the hammer at any time in any country. A well-known bibliophile assured me that he had been several times asked to write an article upon it, and that one thing only made him hesitate to do so. He would have to use so many adjectives, and these almost invariably superlatives. In fact, when this sale is a thing of the past, it will be remembered for the books rather than for the other objects.

Yet the latter include some items of sterling interest. There is Garrick's writing-desk, for example, which he used also as a dressing-table in "making up" at the theatre. It is of wood, painted black and decorated. Set in the front is an oval containing a portrait of the actor in the character of *Hamlet*, painted by Wilson; while on the sides are panels representing scenes from plays in which he acted, executed by the artist Zoffany. The desk itself is a treasure, and other treasures are concealed within its cupboards and drawers, which, for that reason, may be mentioned here, although they are properly part of the library. In one receptacle is Sheridan's original manuscript of "The School for Scandal," scorched by the fire from which it was rescued, an early prompt copy, and Garrick's Covent Garden account-books. Elsewhere are sixteen volumes of *The Life and Correspondence of Garrick*, full of rare prints and autograph letters, and containing also the actor's first will, in thirteen folio sheets. In other drawers are rare volumes and manuscripts of Mary Queen of Scots, of Byron, Hazlitt, and Christy's famous *Minstrel Joke Book*.

AUGUSTIN DALY.

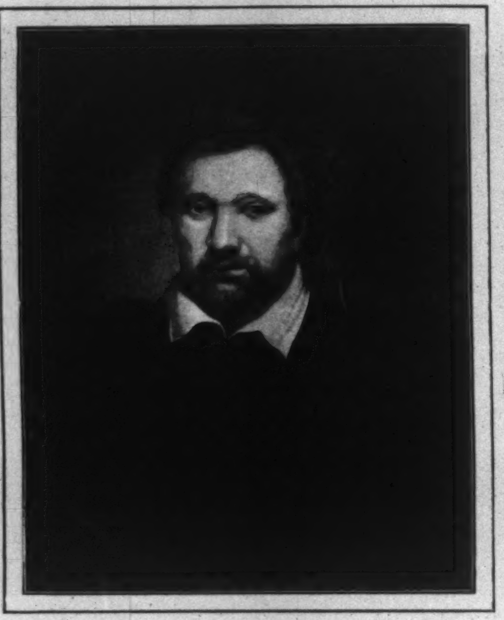
In a little glass-covered case are the scales, bond, and knife used by Kean in his production of the "Merchant of Venice." Then there are several portraits of rare value: Hogarth's original of Peg Woffington in the character of *Sir Harry Wildair*, which "drew the town," and made the Irish washer-woman's daughter the toast of London; the painting of Ben Jonson from which the known prints have been made; a portrait of Nell Gwyn by a Dutch painter, in which, presumably in delicate compliment to her august admirer, a King Charles spaniel is substituted for the lamb that usually is introduced into her portraits by the painters of the Restoration. There are also portraits of Macready, Kean, the elder Wallack, autograph photographs, and souvenirs of celebrities in the world of art, including many death-masks.

Among the stage properties is a suit of furniture of the Empire period, constructed of mahogany, and rather over-elaborated with brass ornamentation. One piece of it is a pedestal, evidently intended to support a bust of Napoleon, for it bears the inscription, rather satirical, in letters of brass, some of which are missing, "Il fut de ses sujets le vainqueur et le père"—he was the conqueror and the father of his subjects. There are couches in the style of Louis Seize, Chippendale chairs, and three Venetian coffers for bridal trousseaux. These last were purchased for the caskets to stand upon in the casket scene of the "Merchant of Venice," and the fact that Mr. Daly bought and rejected two in favor of a third which seemed most suitable is an illustration of his unsparing expenditure of time, trouble, and money to secure a reali-

MR. DALY'S WORKSHOP.

MR. DALY'S OFFICE AT DALY'S THEATRE.

NELL GWYN.



BEN JONSON.
All existing Engravings of Jonson have been made from this Portrait.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

zation of his ideals. They are of wood, with carved feet and mouldings, gilded and decorated with painted panels. One of them, resembling a sarcophagus in shape, recalls Rogers's poem of "Ginevra," giving a new point as well as vraisemblance to the story.

Amongst other theatre properties is a group of antique musical instruments—a spinet with the maker's name, "Johannes Pohlman, London, 1775," and various stringed instruments, a few Oriental, most of them Italian, the latter including three examples of the curious chittarone, with necks from four to five feet long and two sets of strings, some reaching the full length, others pegged at a third of the distance. There are also several sets of armor, some of which appear to be modern copies for stage purposes, and a host of other objects which have been "brought on" in one play or another. Viewed unsympathetically, the majority have little intrinsic value, but will be interesting as souvenirs. Looking over this array of theatrical flotsam, now piled in the prosaic environment of a storage warehouse, one asks one's self whether this aim to inject realism into the mimic atmosphere of a play is not reprehensible on the score of art as well as of economy. But that is too big a question to discuss here.

As I said before, the main interest of the Daly collection consists in the library, which is so large and profoundly interesting that an attempt to discuss it in detail is very like playing ducks and drakes upon a sheet of water. The cast of one's remarks will flick up a little spray here and there, but leave unrevealed the great depths below the surface. To begin with the actual money value of the collection, the forth-coming sale will be the most important one of books ever held in this country. Up to the present time the highest returns are those of the Brayton-Ives collection, which sold for $115,000. The Samuel Latham Mitchell Barlow library brought $86,000; while the Brinley collection, disposed of in five lots, at intervals extending over a period of twelve years, netted approximately $100,000. But nearly $300,000 is the sum which there is documentary evidence to prove that Mr. Daly expended on his library. Extraordinary pressure has been brought upon the executors to transfer the sale to England, one of the arguments being that there is not enough appreciation among American collectors to make them bid up to the value of so many unique treasures. On the other hand, apart from the absence here of the "knock-out" system which prevails in London, whereby dealers combine to secure the best lots at their own price, there is the best of reasons why the sale should be held in this country. The library was amassed by an American, who bought many of his treasures against all comers in the European market and brought them here. Some of the most precious lots concern the history of this country, and it would clearly have been Mr. Daly's wish that Americans should have the first chance of retaining them at home. There is little doubt that the issue will justify the decision.

While the dramatic material is very far from including all that is choice and rare in this library, it is so varied, extensive, and rich in treasures that the sale in this respect will be unique. The foundation on which it may be said to have been built is Ireland's *New York Stage*—a monument, even if there were not many others, to Mr. Daly's infinite capacity for labor and his generous taste. The original work has been enlarged to thirty-seven volumes of royal folio by the introduction of portraits, engravings, play-bills, autographs, and a mass of other illustrative matter. Ireland's record covers the period from 1750 to 1865, and to this have been added sixteen more volumes based upon Hazen's record and other clippings from the press. A final volume contains 1250 obituaries of actors and actresses up to 1899. This colossal work, which is said to have taken twenty years to compile, was arranged and inlaid by Augustus Toedteberg with such perfect skill that the great tomes close as tight and even as a book fresh from the binder's press. In every room in Mr. Daly's house used by him and in his six private offices at the theatre, besides the books, were a desk and a clock, which give some hint of how he managed to combine collecting with his other duties. Every moment of a long day had its allotted work; and in his service were a score of assistants, employed continually in hunting up the material that he required.

THE GARRICK DESK.
The Portrait of Garrick on the Oval Panel is by Wilson, and represents the famous actor in the rôle of *Hamlet*.

On the shelves just above the four Shakspere folios of 1632, 1664, and 1685, stood the collector's own editions of the plays, as performed by his company, their pages decorated in water-color by Grivaz. There are the Halliwell folios also, both perfected and in manuscript, filling many volumes, and many other editions of Shakspere, profusely illustrated, including eight volumes solely devoted to portraits. Of Mr. Daly's own *Peg Woffington: a Tribute to the Actress and the Woman*, there are four copies, one of which is decorated by Grivaz and another by Alfred Thompson, while all are filled with illustrations, mezzotints, and autographs. Side by side with these stood the volumes devoted to *The Story of Nell Gwyn*, illustrated with perhaps more lavish expenditure than any other book in the library. Among the various engravings and mezzotints of the actress is the famous Gascar-Masson chemise portrait, and an autograph letter to Sir William Tite, written by one of her companions, with Nell's "N. G." laboriously scrawled at the end—the full capacity of her penmanship, as shown in the original title-deeds to her Drury Lane house, which are also here.

Similarly enlarged and illustrated are copies of the life of Edwin Booth; of Edwin Forrest, Sheridan, Matthews, Macklin, J. P. Kemble, and Edmund Kean; Lester Wallack's *Memories of Fifty Years; Letters and Journals of Fanny Ellsler;* Colley Cibber's *Apology;* the *Memoirs of Mrs. Billington;* the *Answer to the Memoirs*, and the *Ireland Confessions*. The last named includes not only the edition of the confessions (1805), inlaid and illustrated, but Ireland's manuscript confessions, and the complete collection of the original forgeries of contracts and indentures.

Outside the dramatic portion is another stupendous work: the Douai edition of the Bible (1609), enlarged to forty-three royal folio volumes, with 8000 illustrations, among them a Raphael drawing and original Dürers and Rembrandts. The arrangement is not so discreet or the inlaying so masterly as in the other important works, yet, even so, this marvellous example of a collector's zeal and liberality forms a worthy rival to the famous Bible in Oswego. One of the choicest items in the collection is *Charles Lamb's Letters*, inlaid and illustrated. There are also the original letters of Thackeray's correspondence with Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield, and other private letters, manuscripts, and unpublished sketches, from 1847 to 1855, as well as the first editions of his novels. The Dickens group is equally voluminous, including two separate volumes of autograph letters, besides an immense amount of autographic material inserted elsewhere, and original drawings for the illustrations, among them those of the Seymour plates to the *Pickwick Papers*. Particularly precious first editions are those of *The Faerie Queen, Paradise Lost* (two copies, one with Milton's autograph), Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Molière's plays, and an early quarto of Shakspere. Two famous copies, which on no account must be omitted from this brief survey, are Sanderson's *Lives of the Signers*, and two volumes on the Presidents of the United States, sumptuously enlarged with portraits, autographs, letters, and other illustrative material.

There are nearly 15,000 volumes, divided into something like 3500 lots. The foregoing summary reference to a few of the most important items has merely skimmed the surface of a subject so vast in extent and profoundly interesting that a small library would be needed to set forth its merits adequately. It is a monument to twenty years of ripe connoisseurship, unflagging industry, and princely expenditure.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

FRIENDS of the bill to prohibit the sale of cigarettes to minors, which has knocked as yet unsuccessfully at the doors of the New York Legislature, may find some solace in the internal-revenue report for January in the two great cigarette-making districts of the city of New York. It shows a falling off of more than twenty-five per cent in the manufacture of paper cigarettes as compared with the same months last year. It may mean that the consumption of cigarettes has decreased, or merely that there has been an over-supply, which has caused manufacture to be temporarily restricted. It is matter of common observation that within a year or two cigarettes with an admixture of Turkish or Egyptian tobacco have come to be smoked in this country much more than formerly, in preference to cigarettes made solely of American tobacco. That shifting of the popular taste may account for the falling off the report shows. Though many Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes are doubtless made in New York, they are stronger than the American cigarettes, and with the best intentions the smoker cannot consume so many of them. The foreign cigarettes, too, being somewhat deadlier and more insidious than our own, probably induce more frequent periods of remorse and abstinence in persons who use them.

A CURIOUS story has appeared in the newspapers to the effect that Colonel Mills, the superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, has asked the War Department to rescind the regulation which forbids the cadets to smoke. Colonel Mills is quoted as saying that until within a few years the cadets were allowed to smoke during their daily release from quarters, but that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union determined that tobacco was bad for them, and induced the War Department to forbid its use. What seems extraordinary is that the W. C. T. U. should have had so much influence with the War Department. Colonel Mills is represented as saying that the prohibition is very difficult to enforce, and that violations of it constitute a large proportion of the offences against discipline. On that account, and because he does not himself disapprove of smoking, he wants the ordinance annulled. The less schoolboys smoke the better, and rules against smoking in boys' schools are reasonable and wise. But with lads of the age of the West Point cadets it is a different matter. Tobacco may not be particularly good even for them, but they are old enough to be entitled to have some voice in deciding whether they will use it or not. The whole theory of the elimination of temptation and the control of all habits from without, which so many of the temperance reformers attempt to carry out, is in great measure weak and erroneous. A good many things need regulating, and some by law, but most of the regulating of personal habits must come from within. Regulation from outside is altogether too easy to elude, and is more apt to weaken character than to strengthen it.

ADMIRAL SAMPSON has been invited to become president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but has paid the navy the compliment of preferring to remain an admiral. That was to be expected, though the place that was offered him was a place of high distinction, and doubtless duly remunerated. If there is anything in the navy that is better worth having than what Admiral Sampson has already attained, he may reasonably hope to attain it, and surely the navy would be a poor profession if its best could not satisfy a man who had spent most of his life in its service. Moreover, if the admiral is devoted to the navy there is particularly good reason for it in the fact that there is no officer living to whom the navy is more devoted than to him.

IN an article about the coming elections in Cuba, published in the WEEKLY of February 10, Mr. J. D. Whelpley spoke of them as the "provincial elections." They are provincial, for they occur in all the provinces; but he writes to say that they may perhaps be better termed municipal elections, since they are to be held in the 137 municipalities or townships into which Cuba is divided, and are to provide for each municipality a body of officials with power for local government. To have a vote in Cuba a man must be on the rolls of the Cuban army, or have $250 worth of property, or be able to read and write. The total population of the island is about 1,500,000, which means about 300,000 males of voting age. Of these, 50,000 are on the rolls of the Cuban army, and about as many more are expected to qualify as literate persons or owners of the requisite amount of property. So it is estimated that the total vote will be about 100,000.

THE Chicago Institute, academic and pedagogic, has made a preliminary announcement of what it aspires to be and what it hopes to do. Inasmuch as it is contrived on plans of original design—to do things that are a little different in scope and method from what is now done by any single existing school—its announcement is of unusual educational interest. It is the institution of which Mrs. Emmons Blaine is the chief founder and promoter, and the newspapers say that its buildings are to cost $600,000, and that it is to have an assured annual income of $100,000. The buildings, three stories high, facing Lincoln Park, are shown in the pamphlet which tells about the school, and are very seemly and attractive in their architecture, as well as considerable in extent. The Institute combines two purposes—the education of children from the kindergarten through the academic grades, and the training of teachers for their professional work. It has been founded in the belief that a need exists for further improvement in elementary and secondary education, and that the principles already applied in the Chicago Normal School may be worked out with greater freedom and better facilities. Under its roof are to be sheltered an academic school, a pedagogic school, and a summer school. None of them is to be free, but pupils are to pay fees of from $25 to $40 a quarter. The president is Francis W. Parker, lately the head of the Chicago Normal School. The director chosen was Emanuel R. Boyer, late principal of one of the high-schools in Chicago, but his recent and sudden death has left that post vacant.

THE academic school, which aims to provide ideal conditions for the education of pupils between the ages of four and eighteen, will include kindergartens and all the grades of elementary and secondary education, and will prepare its pupils for the best colleges. Everything that children want, or should want, to learn will be taught, from sewing and cooking to chemistry and Greek. The pedagogic school will provide a two years' course, wherein graduates of high-schools, normal schools, and colleges, or teachers of three years' experience, or other qualified applicants, may receive the best possible training for the profession of teaching. The summer school will be a school of pedagogy following the general plan of the Chicago Normal Summer School, but with a longer term and broader scope. It begins next June, the other schools open next fall, and applications for pupils in all the Institute's departments are now being received.

The Institute will have a library of 15,000 volumes, a gymnasium, a natatorium, music-rooms, lecture-rooms, class-rooms, laboratories of all sorts, and a garden. It will provide for bringing young children who live at a distance to school, and will provide luncheon for those who want it. It seems to have originated in an enthusiasm for the spread of knowledge and the improvement of training, and it seems important enough to make the results of its work matter of deep interest to educators everywhere.

AT meetings held last week in Chicago representatives of eleven of the leading universities of the United States agreed to establish and maintain uniform requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and other graduate degrees. The universities represented were Harvard, Columbia, California, Chicago, Michigan, Clark, Pennsylvania, Princeton, the American Catholic University, Johns Hopkins, and Stanford. Among the leading universities not represented are Yale and Cornell, but the absence of delegates from them does not necessarily imply lack of sympathy with the movement. The plan originated, it seems, in the University of California. It will help to define the value of the higher degrees, and that seems worth doing. At present the only degree standing for scholarship that conveys a definite idea to the average mind is A.B. That means that a man has been to college. A.M. and Ph.D. mean something to experts in education when followed by the name of the college or university which conferred them, but not much to the general public. Perhaps when their value is better ascertained and more uniform, so that we are able to appraise it more accurately, we shall accord to these degrees more generally the respect which they deserve.

AN Indianapolis despatch says that the Nancy Hanks Lincoln Memorial Association is troubled because it has not yet succeeded in inducing Robert Lincoln to subscribe to the monument it proposes to put up in memory of his grandmother. The association has written to him, and he has not responded, and his silence seems to have caused a perplexity which tends to become indignation. But really it is not difficult to sympathize with Mr. Lincoln in his reputed aloofness to all plans for doing honor to his grandmother. He is a rich man, and would probably be glad enough to provide out of his own pocket for marking the grave of Nancy Hanks and seeing that it was kept green, provided he could do it in his own way, and provided it could be left entirely to him. But he probably discovered long ago that the memory of his father and his grandmother is public property in this country; that writers will write and speakers speak about them whatever seems advisable, without the least regard to the feelings of any of their descendants. Biographers have written about Nancy Hanks quite as freely, and doubtless quite as untruthfully, as they have written about Joan of Arc or Queen Elizabeth. So too they have written about Abraham Lincoln with the same quality of searching and ruthless candor which historians use in discussing Adam or Napoleon Bonaparte. Many a time and oft they must have grieved Robert Lincoln's spirit. If he has concluded to leave his forebears to the tender mercies of a world which honors them so amazingly and not to meddle, it is probably a wise conclusion which makes for his peace of mind. A grandmother whose memory one cannot protect is inevitably an embarrassment, and the simplest way to deal with an embarrassment which cannot be cured is to ignore it.

THE war with the Boers is stirring up the British poets to praiseworthy efforts. Swinburne, fired by Roberts's victory on the anniversary of Majuba Hill, hails, in the London *Times*,

> . . . the turning tide
> That sets once more our trust in freedom free,
> That leaves a ruthless and a truthless foe,
> And all base hopes that hailed his cause, laid low,
> And England's name a light on land and sea.

"Our trust in freedom!" That England tends nowadays to set up a freedom-trust is what her critics complain of. His own words seem to smile at Mr. Swinburne.

On the other side two little verses by William Watson, published it does not appear where, are said to have provoked torrents of indignation. Relating how the winds of Heaven fought for England "when lofty Spain came towering up the seas," he says:

> Ah! not to-day is nature on our side;
> The mountains and the rivers are our foe;
> And nature with the heart of man allied
> Is hard to overthrow.

He is not very violent, and yet, judging from the reported indignation, he bites. Meanwhile Alfred Austin seems to be under restraint, and the cable as yet brings nothing from Kipling, who, after all, does not pride himself on timeliness.

WHAT is the American sentiment about the recent British successes in South Africa? We read that Continental Europe groans and gnashes its teeth over every Boer set-back. It is by no means so here. Our sympathy with the Boers has grown stronger if anything as their best qualities have come more into view, but it has not reached the length of inspiring any general grief at British victories. The most it has accomplished has been to make the majority of us rather grimly and sarcastically neutral in a war which interests us profoundly, but for which we feel a powerful dislike. British victories are popular, rather than otherwise, because they hasten a conclusion which all along has seemed inevitable. We want the only end that can come to come as soon as possible, and then we shall want to see what next—whether England has laid the foundations of another Ireland in South Africa; what will happen to the South-African colonials who joined the Boers; whether we shall see a Boer emigration—possibly to this country; whether the redoubtable Kruger family will turn its assets into cash and build a house in Fifth Avenue next to Mr. Carnegie's! We shall also follow closely the political consequences of the war in England. Some things will happen of course. They will hang more gaudy chains on the neck of the gallant "Bobs," and doubtless make him a duke; all the other head soldier-men will be duly advanced and decorated; but the government that gave them their opportunity—how will that fare? We shall see, and see the quicker the sooner Pretoria falls. The crop bids fair to be got in, but the quality and extent of it will still be matters that will deserve and receive our highly intelligent attention.

OWING to the wars in the Philippines and South Africa, beans cost two and a half times as much as they did last spring, and many persons who have been used to subsist on them are doubtless now constrained to eat real food. Few better substitutes for food have been discovered than beans. Oatmeal does very well, and they say the betel-nut is wonderfully effective in maintaining the strength of persons who can get it, but beans are handier, and usually cheaper than either. Their popularity for military purposes is readily understood. They are portable; stand heat, cold, and moderate degrees of moisture without detriment; horses, mules, and general officers will eat them as well as men; they have a natural affinity for pork, which is one of the commonest and most abundant of army stores; roasted and ground, they make coffee go further, and at short range they make fair projectiles. At the Peace Congress it was proposed to substitute them for steel bullets in cartridges. They are one of the humblest products of nature, but neither their modesty nor their great usefulness has saved them from being the butt of the inconsiderate. It has been the fashion to mock at them; even their friends have done it. It has been asserted for generations, in affected disparagement of the people of the most cultivated and self-appreciative city in this country, that they were bean-eaters. On these accounts and others it seems like a vindication of beans that when particularly hard jobs are doing in the world and the most penetrating and effectual supplies are needed, they should advance in price within a year from seventy-five cents a bushel to $2 05. Beans that have been in storage in Chicago since 1896 have come out, and will soon be in pursuit of Aguinaldo, or storming kopjes, kraals, laagers, and commandos in the Transvaal.

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS
BY SYDNEY BROOKS

AMONG the issues stirred up by the Spanish-American war, those who have good political memories may recall the brief appearance of the Morocco question. It was thought for a while that the Spanish government, always with the fear of a *pronunciamiento* somewhere in the back of its mind, might seek oblivion for its surrender of Cuba, soothe down the *amour propre* of the soldiers, and distract the people from a too close examination of the prevailing domestic chaos by ordering "an aggressive policy" in the land of the setting sun. On paper nothing seemed more likely. The Peninsula was full of returned soldiers, presumably burning to take vengeance for their sufferings and final betrayal. The Carlist cause sprang suddenly into threatening activity. The people, more long-suffering because more ignorant and more torpid, politically, than any people in Europe, except possibly the peasants of southern Italy, gave some crude yet forcible signs that the long years of high taxation, conscription, and misgovernment, ending in the unrelieved defeat of Spanish arms and the loss of their finest colonies, had at last worn out their patience. The dynasty was in unquestionable peril, and it might well have seemed a politic, if not a necessary, stroke to rally the people behind the throne and give the army something to do by a descent upon Morocco. Whether such a scheme did actually cross the minds of the Madrid politicians is not known. Probably it did not; but the mere rumor that their thoughts were turning that way was enough to set the chancelleries of Europe in a flutter. Morocco is one of Europe's many nightmares. It has never been quite so insistent as Turkey, but it may at any moment become more so. Over a hundred years ago Nelson, who was also the Mahan of his times, declared the possession of a port on the Morocco coast to be "a necessity" for England in any European war; Bismarck, soon after the Franco-Prussian war, singled out the Morocco question as "a certain bone of contention" between the powers; and Lord Salisbury, in 1891, prophesied it would be "as great a trouble to Europe and as great a menace to the peace of Europe as the other Mohammedan countries farther to the west used to be twenty or thirty years ago."

WHAT is the Morocco question, that it should be spoken of with such anxious gravity? Like a great many other political problems, it is at bottom a question of geography. Were Morocco anywhere but just where it is, there would be no Morocco question. Its whole bearing on the international politics of Europe lies in the few hundred miles of coast-line between Tangier and the western frontier of Algeria. When the English captured Gibraltar they seized only half the key to the entrance of the Mediterranean, neglecting, with that singular lack of prescience which is the hall-mark of English diplomacy, to make themselves masters of the other half. It is the struggle to gain possession of this other half which makes up the Morocco question. A power owning the harbor and fortress of Ceuta, on the Moorish coast, only a few miles southeast of Gibraltar, would be able to offset the British stronghold, and might seriously minimize the value of Egypt. It is, therefore, as Nelson said, a necessity for England to see that no great naval power effects a lodgment in Morocco; and on England's side in this matter stands Italy, a country with an obvious interest in keeping the *status quo* in the Mediterranean just as it is at present. The situation is complicated by the fact that Ceuta belongs to Spain, as do several other rocky fortresses along the Riff coast. The ostentatious friendliness of France towards her southern neighbor during the late war had its root partly in racial affinity, partly in the enormous number of Spanish securities held in Paris, but partly, too, in the sound perception that so long as Spain is in possession of Ceuta she has a valuable *quid pro quo* to offer in return for kindly services. And on this point it is worth adding that England's "benevolent neutrality" during the Spanish-American conflict was altogether against her interests and prospects in the Mediterranean.

MOROCCO itself is nothing. It used to be the pioneer of Western civilization. Five hundred years ago the youth of Europe flocked to its shores to learn its sciences and marvel at its arts. To-day it is in the grip of what is probably the most hideous despotism that disgraces the earth. It is a perpetual Armenia, blasted for the jealousies of the powers. The Sultan lives at Marakesh, far away from the European settlements, and little of what goes on in the interior reaches the ears of the outer world. Tax-collecting is the one state industry, varied by massacres when the Sultan or his Circassian mother or his Grand Vizier finds an insufficiency of revenue. It might, with civilized government, be made a prosperous and contented land. It teems with potential wealth. Gold, iron, copper, and lead are known t exist in payable quantities. Its soil could produce enough grain to feed half Europe. Yet it remains in a drowsy, anarchical state of decrepitude—its soil untilled, its mines unworked, its people ground down to furnish the means for the usual pleasures of a Mohammedan ruler—a nation not so much dying as committing daily suicide. Only its isolation has saved it from the fate of Turkey.

WONDERFUL have been some of the plots hatched in the Foreign Offices of Europe to gain control of its territory. Spain shows by far the fairest claim to a voice in its administration. The Spaniards, indeed, look upon Morocco as their own, and its Sultan as a tributary prince. The history of the two countries has been interwoven for centuries, and the Spanish possessions on the northern coast, and a colony of several thousand Spaniards in Tangier, make up a stronger argument than any other power has been able to manufacture. There was a time when England's unchallenged commercial supremacy gave her a hold upon the country that a shrewd diplomacy might have turned to good account; but, as in Persia, the chance was passed by through sheer unreadiness, and though one-third of the whole trade with Morocco is still in English hands, the political influence of Great Britain has been whittled almost to nothingness. The French have made desperate efforts to get a footing in the country by enlisting recruits for the Algerian army from the tribes along the Riff coast—offering them food, pay, clothing, and, above all, French naturalization, which would have put them beyond reach of the tax-collector on their return home, and at the same time have provided a good excuse for French interference in case of need. More astonishing still, the Russians, who have not a dollar's worth of trade with Morocco—any more than they had with Manchuria—and no political interests within a thousand miles of Tangier, have set up since the Spanish war, obviously at the invitation of France, a minister and legation in the Sultan's court. Russia has exactly one subject in Morocco, a Jew, who consented to become a Russian as the result of a ready-money transaction. But even Russia's notorious sympathy for the Jews and her kindly treatment of them hardly seem a sufficient justification for giving this gentleman's interests such overwhelming protection.

IT is perfectly plain that in Morocco at least France and Russia are working together either to force Spain into selling Ceuta or to coerce the Sultan into ceding a practicable harbor on the northern coast. Their policy, at any rate, is openly anti-British. The Russian press, which made such considerate references to the unprotected state of the Pacific coast during the war with Spain, has been pointing out that now is the time, while England is entangled in South Africa, to reopen the Morocco question. And side by side with this may be placed the semi-official suggestion of the Italian government that a conference of the powers should be called to neutralize Morocco and leave things as they are. What will be the solution of the problem it is quite impossible to predict. One can only note for the present that it has within it all the elements of a serious international strife, and that no complication affecting European powers can arise without influencing the position of Morocco. The most ominous phase of the situation is unquestionably Russia's unwarrantable anxiety to be in at the death.

BUT for the South-African war there would have been before now, if not a crisis in Anglo-French relations, at least a certain stringency over the Newfoundland question. Mr. Chamberlain some eighteen months ago, in one of his supremely vigorous speeches, gave warning to France that the time was coming for a final settlement of this most irritating dispute. Newfoundland is the oldest of British colonies, and, on the whole, the one that has benefited the least by the British connection. For this the English hold the French to blame. They assert that the French followed them to Newfoundland to benefit by the results of English enterprise, and at the same time to repress that enterprise within the narrowest limits. At the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century France and England were in a chronic state of war. In 1713 the Treaty of Utrecht declared that "Newfoundland shall be wholly British." The French were forbidden to resort to its shores except for the purposes of fishery, or to set up any stages or buildings except those used for drying fish. In 1763 this arrangement was confirmed, with an additional clause ceding to the French the two small islands of St.-Pierre and Miquelon, under a pledge of non-fortification—a pledge that has not been strictly observed. In 1783 the provisions of the Treaty of Utrecht were again confirmed, but with further concessions to France. George III. pledged his royal honor to prevent any interruption of the French rights of fishery by British competition. This, then, has been the situation for nearly a hundred and twenty years. Newfoundland is British, but the British settlers are forbidden to compete with the French from St.-Pierre and Miquelon in the chief industry of the island. A more impossible situation could hardly be imagined.

IT is to the credit of the English that they have lived up to the strict terms of the agreement. The French fishing rights have been most punctiliously protected, and British gunboats have patrolled the coast, capturing or driving off the British smacks that had the temerity to catch fish off the shores of a British possession. The French, on the other hand, have stretched their technical rights to the uttermost. They have trapped and canned lobsters—which the English do not admit to be a fish at all; they have erected permanent buildings and stores, where they demand the right to import everything they require free of duty; they have interfered with British trade, and prevented mining operations and the building of railroads, piers, and bridges along the 800 miles of coast over which they claim a practical monopoly. There might be more to be said on their behalf if the fishing industry were extensively patronized by Frenchmen. But when it is known that only five ships and under 700 men are engaged in it, that it has to be fed by a heavy bounty from the French government to keep it going at all, only one conclusion is possible to the English mind—that the French have deliberately adopted in Newfoundland the policy of pin-pricks which they have tried in Egypt, in Madagascar, in Tunis, and in western Africa, and which led to the crushing humiliation of Fashoda.

LAST Thursday's cablegrams announced that Lord Rosebery had "definitely severed his connection with the Liberals" on account of that party's attitude towards the war. The news need not be accepted as at all a final declaration of Lord Rosebery's position, but it suggests some speculations as to his future. Fashoda and his recent speeches show that he can command all his old influence whenever he cares to reach for it. Nor is there any one on the Opposition side fit to take his place. Harcourt fights too cynically for his own hand; Morley has the academic virtues that Englishmen most dislike in their leaders; Asquith is a clever lawyer who believes in nothing—the last man to guide the party of all the enthusiasms; Campbell-Bannerman, Bryce, and Kimberley are colorless mediocrities; Dilke, one of the ablest of English public men, is impossible on other grounds; and Sir Edward Grey still answers to Gladstone's description of him as "the man with the greatest genius for politics and the least inclination that he had ever known." But this only adds to the complications. It is really impossible to forecast the horoscope of this fascinating figure. English politics are still in a transition stage. Parties are breaking up and slowly reshaping themselves in forms that no man can guess at beforehand. This much may perhaps be hazarded. Lord Rosebery is a Palmerston—but with nerves; a man for the closet, and not the battlefield; a Foreign Secretary, but not a Prime Minister. One would not like to say that he will never be Premier again, but one might say with some confidence that whenever the Liberals return to power the country will insist upon his taking the portfolio of Foreign Secretary.

THE death of Mr. Joseph Cowen removes from the middle distances of the English political stage one of its most piquant figures. Mr. Cowen had retired from active politics for many years, though memories of his eloquence still lingered in the corridors of the House, and in the north of England his influence endured long after he resigned his seat in Parliament. Mr. Cowen was a born revolutionist. To swim with the tide, to find himself with the majority, were the only things he could never reconcile himself to. He was the friend of Garibaldi, of Mazzini, of Kossuth, of Stepniak, of every conspirator who for the last forty years has had a cause to advance. He gave them money without stint, and at least during the struggle for Italian independence took an active and dangerous part in the actual warfare. It was at his house that Orsini planned his attempt on the life of Napoleon III.

THERE was much that was half comical in Mr. Cowen's reckless support of any and every revolutionary, but also much that was fine and even noble. He was a man with whom the defence of the weak against the strong was a master-passion, and, like most other master-passions, it was often indulged at the expense of a cool judgment. But nobody doubted that whatever he did was prompted by high and generous motives, by an honesty that was unquestionable and a courage that could not be daunted. Of course he made many mistakes. A man who has acquired the habit of judging of the righteousness of a cause by the size of the parties to it is bound to make a good many mistakes. Mr. Cowen was a home-ruler of the extremest type; he was also a friend of Turkey; he was also the only Englishman speaking with authority who sided with Spain and against America in the late war. Mr. Cowen saw that Spain was weak and the United States strong, and in the columns of his newspaper—the Newcastle *Chronicle*—argued day after day with tremendous force that Spain was therefore in the right and the United States in the wrong. With equal honesty of purpose Mr. Cowen managed somehow to convince himself that England's cause in South Africa was just, and shortly before the war broke out framed an often-quoted and most telling indictment against the Boer oligarchy. The contrasts of his public career were only the reflections of his private peculiarities. He was a millionaire, yet dressed habitually in the most uncouth products of sartorial malignity; a man of vast commercial enterprises, yet living the life of a recluse; a trenchant and flowing orator, yet of awkward action and unpleasing voice, through which ran a strong Northumbrian burr; a man of such inordinate independence that he was only unhappy when in agreement.

H. D. Traill

MR. HENRY DUFF TRAILL, the editor of *Literature*, who died in London on February 21, is spoken of as a man in whom great literary promise found rather inadequate fulfilment. The reason appears when one observes that he was always more of a journalist than an author, and instead of producing the great works which some of his friends expected, busied himself for many years with editorial contributions to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *St. James Gazette*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Saturday Review*, and other papers. His longer works were of a like quality, written to order, and ably written, but not of a sort to make their author famous. He contributed a volume to the "English Citizen Series," another (on Sterne) to the "English Men of Letters" series, and half a dozen biographical monographs to an "English Statesmen" series. No doubt Mr. Traill had a living to make, and made it by doing the work that came to hand. He did it exceedingly well, and reaped his rewards as he went along. In the line of his choice, or which at least he followed, he was exceptionally successful, and the only regret to be felt about him is that his powers did not find more durable materials to work upon.

He was born in 1842, the youngest son of a London police magistrate, was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, and at Oxford, and was called to the bar. But he early left law for literature, and for thirty years his name has been familiar to the readers of English periodicals. From 1892 until 1897 he edited *Social England*, leaving it when *Literature* was started to take charge of that.

Richard Hovey

SUDDENLY on Saturday last the news of Richard Hovey's death came upon his friends like a breath of doom. He had been in a hospital convalescing from slight surgical treatment, and was already, it seemed, far on the road to recovery. On that day he was up and dressed, had lunched, and was moving about talking to his room-mate, when a stroke of apoplexy laid him down. The good nurses and doctors did what could be done, but in half an hour he was with the majestic dead.

He was given the last honors of mortality at St. Michael's Church, Ninety-ninth Street and Amsterdam Avenue. It was the wish of his friends, knowing his own love of ritual and dignity, to have for him a funeral ceremony as simple and beautiful as might be. His body was borne up the aisle to the music of Greig's "Death of Aza," preceded by ten pall-bearers from among his nearest friends, and followed by his mother, his wife, and two or three others to whom his great heart had been dear. The office was read by the Rev. Canon Knowles, and music was made by Mr. William Edward Mulligan, organist of the Collegiate Church, both friends of his in the days of his strength. After the lesson Canon Knowles spoke with quiet eloquence of the man and his work, his power, his genius, his all too brief career, reading one of the noblest passages of Hovey's great poem, "Taliesen." He was buried at Andover.

Any estimate of Hovey's genius, as it is expressed in his poems and plays, to be final and convincing, must be made by some one better equipped than I, by some one, too, far less close to him personally. I can only say that of all men I have known, my elders or my contemporaries, almost none seemed to me to have so great a mind. Other poets might be thought to equal him in careless genius or in art; other critics might be more dogmatic than he; other men might approach the tolerant, gentle, loving, kindly moods of his personality; but for sheer grasp and capacity of intelligence, that lucid wide spirit was unmatched. But one must not wrong a great friendship with trite, inadequate words. BLISS CARMAN.

NEW YORK society has embraced a new fad—that of literature. The success of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and Mrs. Edward Wharton in the field of fiction, and of the Misses Alice and Caroline Duer, Miss Sallie Hewitt, Kate Douglas Wiggin, now Mrs. George Clinton Riggs, Mrs. Reginald de Koven, Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, Mrs. Spencer Trask, Mrs. Cadwalader Jones, Mrs. Robert Abbey, and Eliot Gregory in the various literary fields, has inspired many other members of the 400 with a spirit of emulation, especially since Lady Randolph Churchill has demonstrated with her magazine, "The Anglo-Saxon Review," that the literary cult is quite good form. A little while ago Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont announced that she would establish a literary salon, where should foregather all the bright lights of the writing world. Now, it appears, society is to have an organ of its own, wherein the brilliant efforts of its members may be printed from month to month uncontaminated by the awful propinquity of actresses' photographs, or the scribblings of persons merely talented, and of no social importance. The publication is to be a monthly magazine of 160 pages, and will be called "The Smart Set." It is alleged that it will be quite as exclusive in its contents as Lady Randolph Churchill's venture, but the management has made the price much less exclusive—in fact, instead of $5 a copy, it will be 25 cents. This, it is argued, will give a wide circulation, and thus make it a factor in the social education of the masses. The mere reading of the literature written by the 400 will, it is assumed, greatly improve the social tone of Kalamazoo and Oshkosh.—[*Adv.*]

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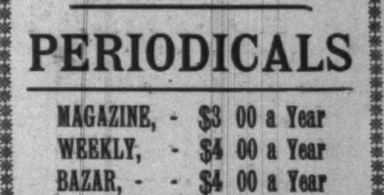

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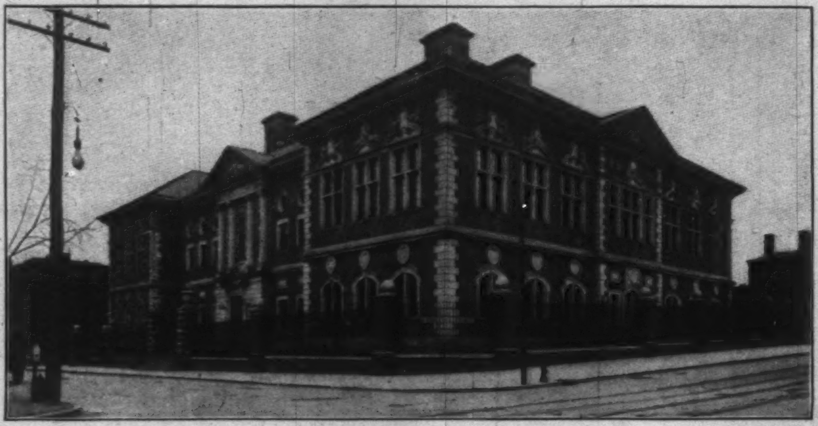

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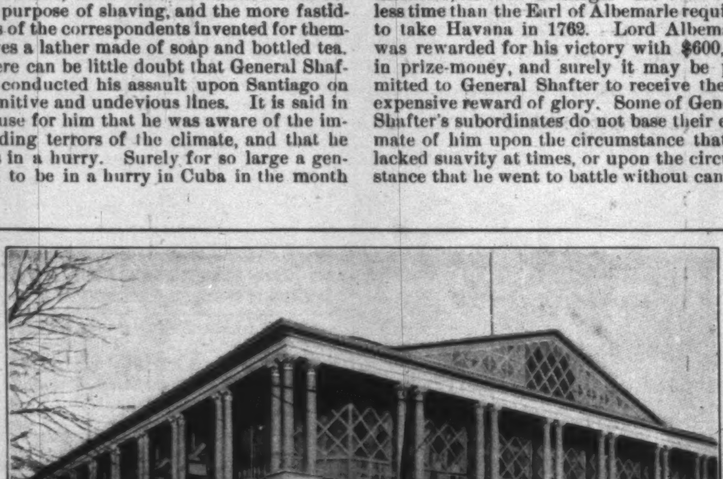
NOTES OF A BOOKMAN

BY E. D. BEACH

MR. RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON'S *History of the Spanish-American War* (D. Appleton & Co.) is well written and interesting. Bearing in mind a great deal of timely and other historical writing, this may be regarded as a concession. Looking back over the incidents of the war with Spain, it is curious to try to determine how much was foreseen, calm, deliberate, and inevitable, and how much was bewildered, blind, impulsive, and ordered by unconstrained and unapprehended circumstance. Plenty of the prophets failed to justify themselves. In April, 1898, there was no prophet, not an American, who was not aware that we should be trounced at first, though we were likely to win, through sheer force of weight and momentum, at the end of a variously estimated period of unreadiness and blunder. They smiled at our snow-white navy, as superior and gross people smile at swans. Lo! our navy took on a lead-color and sank the enemy. We do not pretend to recall it all with infallible accuracy, but it seems to us that the *Saturday Review*, of London, having previously, and not without an appearance of satisfaction, consigned us to the locker of D. Jones, Esq., at Manila, stigmatized us as bullies taking advantage of a gallant, proud, and decorous adversary, who had unhappily neglected to oppose to us a force superior to our own. In Parliament, as we remember, it was announced that Dewey's gunners were Englishmen, lured and hired at a rate of compensation approaching that enjoyed by the President of the United States or the head of a successful life-insurance company. Our own newspaper critics were no extravagant flatterers. They dwelt with severity upon the jumble and confusion at Tampa, the absence of iced hygeia water on the transports, and the failure, flagrant beyond excuse, to bring up a supply of canned tomatoes to the trenches before Santiago. On the transports, we believe, the water was unfitted even for the purpose of shaving, and the more fastidious of the correspondents invented for themselves a lather made of soap and bottled tea. There can be little doubt that General Shafter conducted his assault upon Santiago on primitive and undevious lines. It is said in excuse for him that he was aware of the impending terrors of the climate, and that he was in a hurry. Surely for so large a general to be in a hurry in Cuba in the month of June is something in his favor. But, furthermore, he took Santiago. He took it in less time than the Earl of Albemarle required to take Havana in 1762. Lord Albemarle was rewarded for his victory with $600,000 in prize-money, and surely it may be permitted to General Shafter to receive the inexpensive reward of glory. Some of General Shafter's subordinates do not base their estimate of him upon the circumstance that he lacked suavity at times, or upon the circumstance that he went to battle without canned tomatoes. General Chaffee, certainly a "fine soldier," as Mr. Titherington calls him, said, at a dinner in Kansas City, in reply to a speaker who had complimented him at General Shafter's expense: "He [Shafter] worked night and day at his duties, and though his physical disabilities made his strength unequal to mine, and prevented him from doing some of the things I was able to do, yet I say there is no more honest, faithful, and conscientious man who ever went out to command troops. Let no one decry him in my presence. No man ever possessed more iron courage. General Shafter is a man. He has my unbounded respect."

Probably it was just as well for the commanding general at Santiago that, owing to an offer of surrender from General Toral, he was not called upon to act upon a suggestion forwarded to him by the Secretary of War. Mr. Alger's suggestion was to "take a transport, cover the pilot-house and most exposed points with baled hay, call for volunteers from the army—not a large number—and run into the harbor, thus making a way for the navy." It is interesting and perhaps profitable to think what would have come of an enterprise of this sort. Doubtless the hay would have floated and supported the volunteers—not a large number—if they succeeded in getting it into the water before it was burned by the enemy's shells. Mines might have tossed the bales into the air, but they would have come down again, very likely not much impaired. Still, to have followed the bales into Santiago Harbor would have been humiliating to the navy, and it is questionable if General Shafter could have reaped much glory from the suggested operation. Mr. Titherington's book corrects many imaginative reports and erroneous impressions. It is careful and aims to be fair. Moreover, it considers the feelings of the reader, and cuts out no hard work for him.



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How they Won the Victoria Cross

WHATEVER of failure and disaster may be in store for England as the outcome of her campaign against Paul Kruger and his people, it is at least consolatory to know that the old Anglo-Saxon spirit of bravery that knows no reason, of blind daring that recks naught of results, leading "duke's son and cook's son" straight into the jaws of a masked battery, burns brighter than ever. The war is not six months old, yet already the records glisten with the stories of individual bravery that add lustre and glory to British arms. It is certain that the end of the campaign will give us a plentiful crop of V. C.'s. The Victoria Cross, most coveted of all military trophies, because so rarely bestowed, is common alike to officers and men. Rank holds no place in the reasons which dictate its bestowal. It is the one decoration created by the Queen, and bestowed by her own hand. It is common to master and man alike. And it has more than once happened that the haughty major-general, glittering with decorations, has stood side by side with the humble private in the ranks to receive this distinction at the hands of the gentle woman whom both delight to serve.

The disastrous Boer war of 1881 gave nearly twenty new wearers of the Victoria Cross. Does any one in these days recall the names of James Murray and Patrick John Danaher, of the Connaught Rangers? Yet in all the annals of war there is no finer instance of self-forgetting sacrifice than that afforded by these two young Irishmen. It was on the morning of January 16, 1881, just after a skirmish with the Boers, that they saw Byrne and Davis, two men of the Scots Fusilier Guards, lying wounded on the plain. Murray and Danaher were wounded, but rode to the rescue. Murray's horse was shot under him, and then he struggled on foot to the side of the wounded men. Yet even as he raised Byrne in his arms he was shot through the body, and finding that all was lost, ordered Danaher to look to himself. Murray, Byrne, and Davis were captured by the Boers. The men whom Murray and Danaher had tried to save died, but Murray, long a prisoner in the hands of the Boers, lived to join the regiment, and with Danaher receive the reward for his bravery.

Does Lance-Corporal Farmer, keeping time-books among the factory chimneys in busy, smoky Bradford, recall the day at Majuba Hill when, at the finish of the slaughter, he alone remained by the side of the wounded, in spite of the bullets that were hailing down upon him? Twice he raised a white handkerchief to show that he was connected with the Red Cross, and twice the hand that waved the flag was shot through and the linen fluttered to the ground. Happily the captain in command of the Boer force realized the situation and ordered his men to cease firing, and Farmer's life was spared. He suffered the loss of his left arm, but got the Victoria Cross in exchange.

Major A. R. Hill, of the 58th Regiment, now going through his second experience of war in the Transvaal, was, through no fault of his own, one of the survivors of Laing's Nek. The major, at that time a mere second lieutenant, saw Captain Osmond, a brother officer, lying wounded and exposed to the fire of the enemy. Out into the open, with the Boer guns trained upon him, ran Hill, until he reached the side of his comrade. He had gone but six yards with his burden, when another bullet struck the wounded man, and he died in his arms. Major Hill remembered that he had seen two privates lying near the captain; and laying the dead man on the ground, he went back a second and a third time, brought the two men to shelter, and escaped without a scratch. It is scarcely necessary to add that the major received his V.C. on his return to his home. The people of the little town in which he was born carried him on their shoulders.

It was for a similar act of noble abnegation of self that Sir George Stewart White, now beleaguered at Ladysmith, received his cross in the Zulu war, after the disastrous battle of Isandulia, when the 24th Regiment, caught in an ambuscade, was cut to pieces, and only he and two others escaped.

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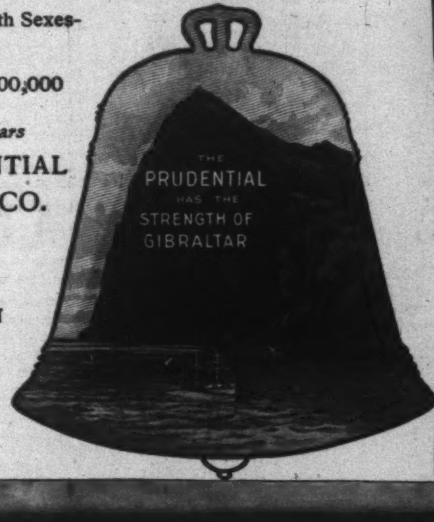

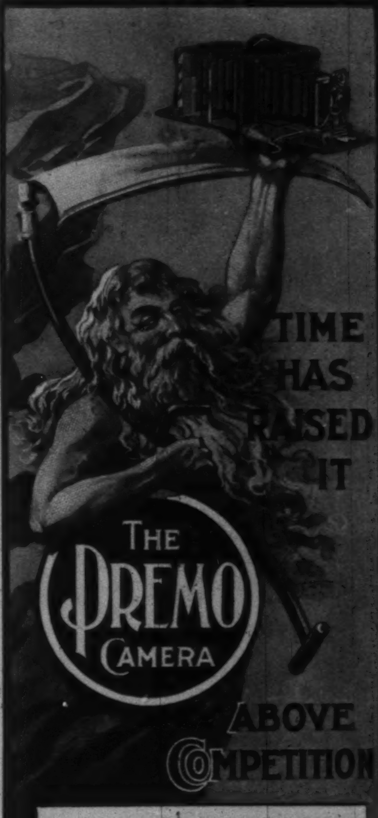

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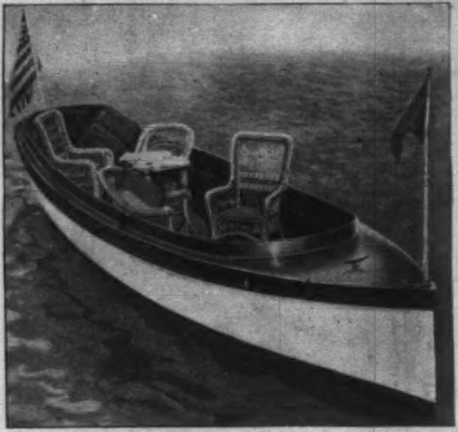

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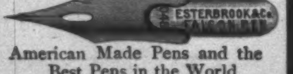

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FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

WHILE the turn of the tide in favor of the British in the South-African war caused great jubilation in England, its effect in the financial markets was comparatively slight, because there had never been any real loss of confidence during the series of reverses, and the favorable turn had been hopefully looked for ever since Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener took charge of the campaign. Still, the relief of Kimberley, the surrender of General Cronje, the raising of the siege of Ladysmith, and the advance on Bloemfontein, coming in rapid succession, naturally produced a buoyancy which gave new strength and activity to the stock-market in London. The money-market continued to be one of comparative ease, a little effect being produced by the new government loan and heavy disbursements on account of the war. The Bank of England was saved from a strain upon its gold reserve by the timely payment of £500,000 by Russia on account of the Persian loan, and exchange remained steady. There was no disturbance of the even tenor of affairs on the continent of Europe.

In this country the chief event has been the agreement of the conference committee of the two Houses of Congress upon the currency bill. There has apparently been general satisfaction with the form in which it was reported, and a confident feeling that it will take effect without material change. It declares the gold standard, and provides adequately for its security. The provision of the Senate bill for $150,000,000 gold reserve, which may include bullion as well as coin, and the House plan, slightly modified, for a separate division of issue and redemption, were adopted. The "endless-chain" process for drawing gold from the Treasury is stopped, not by the House provision that redeemed notes be kept in the reserve and only reissued for their equivalent in the coin with which they were redeemed, but by providing that the reserve may be replenished by the issue bonds, the proceeds of which shall be used for no other purpose. The Senate plan for refunding government bonds at 2 per cent. is retained, and has caused some criticism on the score that it will produce a serious inflation of bank currency. About $197,000,000 of the $235,000,000 now on deposit to secure bank circulation will be refundable, and of these over $127,000,000 are 4-per-cents., payable in 1907, which have been selling at 118. If the new bonds are deposited in place of these, notes can be taken out up to their par value instead of 90 per cent., and the tax on circulation will be reduced from 1 to 1½ per cent. It is likely that bonds of the other issues will also be replaced with the 2-per-cents., and some new banks will probably be established in small places. Bankers do not generally believe that the expansion of bank currency will be serious or harmful, for they do not see enough chance of profit in it. Already, before their issue, the new bonds have been selling for future delivery at a premium of 5 per cent. or more.

Railroads are still reporting increased earnings, and it is evident that the readjustment of classification and rates which went into effect at the beginning of the year has produced a favorable effect. There has been a revision of the classification, after hearings of complaints and protests from shippers, and the new changes take effect March 10. These are mostly in favor of shippers. But independent of improved rates the traffic of railroads has continued increasingly profitable from the volume of business. The gain is especially noticeable with what are known as the "coal roads." The demand for coal at advanced prices seems to be world-wide, and the inexhaustible supply and cheap production of this country promise to give it a conspicuous place among our exports. There are reports of heavy orders from Russia and other parts of Europe. There is still a considerable movement in cotton, and the price has gone above nine cents a pound for the first time in many years. The short supply, the sharp demand from Liverpool, and the belated movement have made it an object of speculative buying and selling to an unusual extent in the New York market.

A leading event in local stock matters has been the appointment of ex-Mayor Hugh J. Grant as receiver of the Third Avenue surface railroad, after two or three syndicates of bankers had declined, upon a careful examination of its affairs, to undertake the rehabilitation of its finances. Its floating debt of over $20,000,000 and the requirement of $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 more to put its affairs in working order made the task too heavy and too uncertain in its results. Its stock, which had fallen to 50, recovered somewhat after the appointment of a receiver, and it is expected that the stockholding interest will be saved from complete wreck. The disasters of this company and the bandying about of its stock disturbed the whole list of transit shares, and affected trading in railroad stocks generally. Doubts about the condition of the Sugar Refining Company

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1900- 36th -1900

Annual Statement

OF THE

TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,049,222.72
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,810,269.96
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,981,842.52
Interest accrued but not due,	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security,	1,497,175.51
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,305,307.27
Deferred Life Premiums,	340,997.04
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	259,449.36
Government Bonds,	789,016.96
County and municipal bonds,	3,114,997.64
Railroad stocks and bonds,	7,819,225.19
Bank stocks,	1,258,674.00
Other stocks and bonds,	1,288,350.00
Total Assets	$27,760,511.56

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 3½ per cent., Life Dep't,	$20,406,734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,500,369.22
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	783,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers,	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment,	219,833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance,	33,178.11
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Total Liabilities,	23,739,827.61
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	4,020,683.95
Surplus,	$3,020,683.95

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force	$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	17,165,686.00

Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	1,522,417.06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	16,039,380.95

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	15,386
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	339,636
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	$1,227,977.34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	23,695,539.94

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	$2,750,394.40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	39,734,920.89

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M. D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

For Dyspepsia.

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Taken after meals prevents acidity and distress of the stomach, headache, and the offensive belching of wind.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

and its prospect of paying a dividend furnished another disturbing element, and the dubious industrial stocks have occupied the chief place in Stock Exchange doings. Money and exchange have continued steady and exhibited no special symptom.

War Signalling in South Africa

THE regularity with which messages have been received from besieged Ladysmith, Mafeking, and Kimberley has demonstrated the success of modern methods of war signalling, and the practical application of these systems of signalling sounds the death-knell of the old-time horseback couriers and spies.

Without depending upon the personal exertions of a single horseback rider, the British generals have established communications when within fifty or sixty miles of each other. The Marconi system of wireless telegraphy has been utilized to some extent, and messages have been successfully sent through the Boer lines to Ladysmith. But so far the war balloons and electric signalling apparatus have proved of much greater value to the English army.

The war balloon has been hovering over Ladysmith for weeks, and from the extreme altitude attained by it the signal officers have been able to communicate with General Buller's army across the Tugela River. This is accomplished by means of electric rays, which are flashed by night on the clouds, the same as a search-light from a war-ship. An electric cable connects the signal apparatus in the balloon to an electric generator on the ground below. By employing a system of dots and dashes similar to the Morse telegraphic code, messages can be written on the clouds that none but a friend can understand them.

As the code of signals is known only to the English signal officers, the messages are sent right across the Boer lines without running any risk of being interpreted. This is even an improvement on the old war telegraphing, for the lines of wires employed for sending the despatches could be tapped at any point by an expert and the messages read off, unless a continuous guard along the whole line was established to watch it. Many of the old-time war messages were of course sent in cipher by the old field-telegraphers, but in many instances important messages were sent in a hurry without employing ciphers, and they leaked out so the enemy profited by them.

The war balloon in South Africa has thus rendered signal service in two ways. It has enabled the signal-service men to establish communications with different parts of the army at all times, and to keep the beleaguered garrison at Ladysmith fully apprized of all that was being done for its relief. As an advantageous point of observation the balloon has been almost invaluable. It has repeatedly discovered the secret preparations of the Boers and directed the artillery fire of the British. The splendid work of the naval guns is due to the war balloon. Their long range would have been ineffective without the help of the observers in the balloons, who from their enormous altitude were enabled to see exactly what damage the shells were doing and when they fell short of the mark.

The other method of signalling in South Africa, which has been employed by both Boer and British, is with the heliograph—an instrument that the Boers described as "a shaving-glass on a tripod." There seems to be little else to the instrument, but in range, effectiveness, and portability no modern invention equals it. The "helio," as it is called in army parlance, can be carried almost as easily as an ordinary army rifle, and it can be set up and adjusted as quickly as a hand-camera. The range of the "helio" is enormous in countries where the atmosphere is clear and the sun strong. These two conditions prevail in South Africa to a remarkable degree, and in consequence the success of the little instrument has been great from the first.

This was known to the British before the present army was despatched there, and Ladysmith and the other towns had plenty of the apparatuses for use. When the English army campaigned there in 1883–5 the heliographic service was established from the Orange River to Molopole, a distance of 429 miles. There were twenty-nine stations between these two points, the distance between two of which was forty-two miles. Notwithstanding this great number of stations, messages were delivered over the whole length of the line within half an hour after they were first received. At one time fifty-two words were signalled in this way 110 miles within thirty-five minutes after the first operator received them. The highest record reached in that campaign was the transmission in a single day of 3043 words.

The "helio" simply follows the sun and reflects its rays on a distant station, where it can be read by those in charge, while an enemy stationed only a few rods off can see no signs of the signalling rays. This invisibility of the rays to all except those right by the receiving station is one of the excellent points in favor of the "helio." There is a little mechanism to give the proper vertical and horizontal movement to the glass so that it can follow the sun throughout its course, and then a key fitted to the back of the mirror produces the dot and dash flashes on the distant point.

In Egypt the "helio" partly failed because of climatic conditions. One of these was the peculiarity of the mirage, which interfered continually with the rays, and another was that the country was so flat it was difficult to find stations high enough to send and receive the messages. Nevertheless, when Candahar was besieged and cut off from the rest of the world in 1880, it was the heliograph which first announced to the garrison the approach of the relieving column forty-eight miles distant. When the "helio" announced the welcome news the garrison was worn out and discouraged, and the officers were nearly overcome by the welcome message flashed out of the hazy atmosphere. The message was received through an atmosphere so hazy that telescopes were unable to pierce it.

Steamships and the Paris Exposition

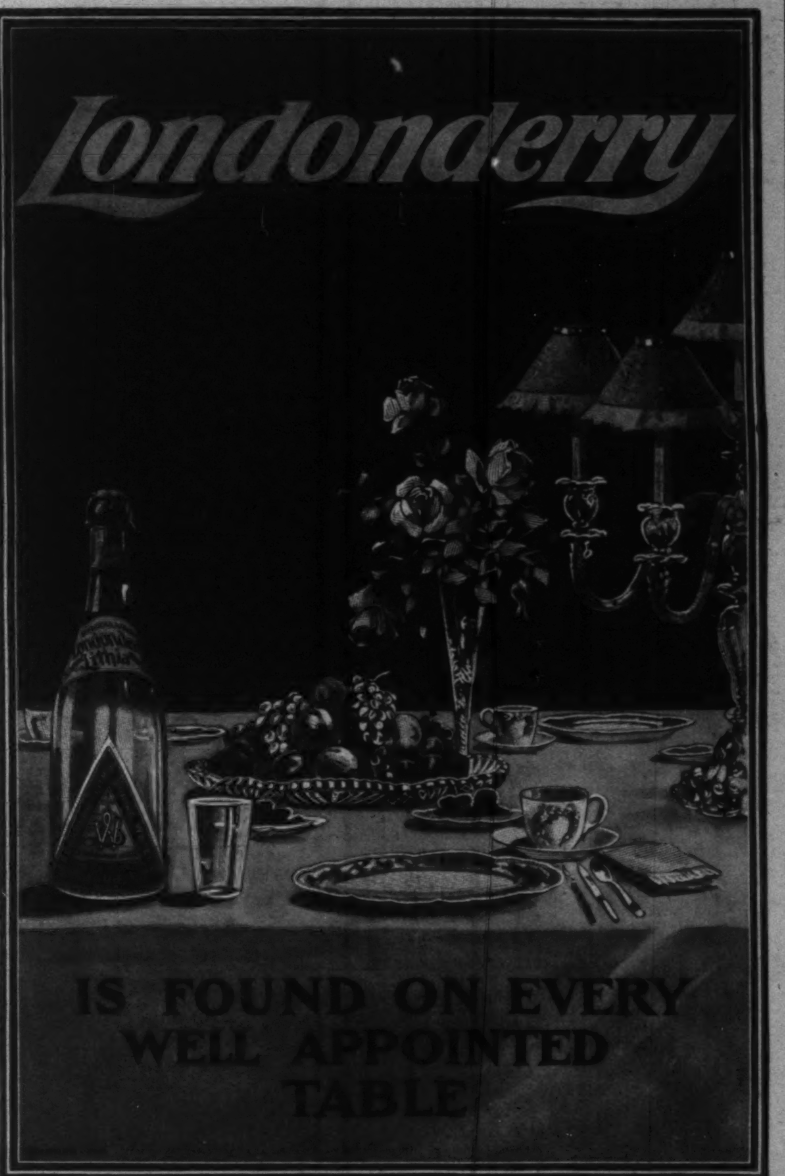
IF the South-African war does not end before spring, which from the present outlook seems doubtful, the ocean accommodation to the Paris Exposition will be seriously affected. It was estimated early in the fall that a great number of extra steamers would be chartered by the different companies for summer service to accommodate the crowds that would cross the ocean; but instead of being able to increase their fleets, except by the few new steamers in the course of construction, some of the lines have been forced to reduce their ordinary service. The Cunard line has six of its steamers in the employ of the British government, and the White Star line three, including the big *Majestic*, with her cabin capacity of 440; and while the companies have hoped that these vessels would be returned to them before spring, there is little likelihood of it. There is no prospect of adding to the fleet, for there is not a steamer upon the high seas to-day for sale or to charter. The British government stands ready to take any steamer of any carrying capacity for transport service in her war in the Transvaal. She has a fleet now of over one hundred steamers engaged in transporting soldiers, mules, and munitions of war to South Africa. A dozen lines have been crippled by this sudden impressment of the ships for war purposes.

Nearly every one of the big steamship lines crossing the ocean has one or more new steamers which will be finished in time for the spring rush, including the new big *Potsdam*, of the Holland-American line to Rotterdam, and the three new fast steamers of the French line, *La Savoie*, *La Lorraine*, and *L'Aquitaine*. These new boats will nearly or quite compensate for those withdrawn from the service for duty in South Africa; but they will not make up for the loss of other steamers that the companies expected to charter. There are no idle steamers on the Pacific coast, because of the demand for good transports for our own far-off provinces in the Philippines.

In view of this situation, the transatlantic steamship companies have been figuring out the carrying capacity of their vessels. The Hamburg-American line, with its fourteen big steamers, will have a comfortable carrying capacity of about 5500 passengers a month. The North German Lloyd, with seventeen vessels in the service, some of which will be withdrawn from the Mediterranean service, will accommodate some 4500 passengers a month. The American line will send out two of its large steamers a week, and will be able to carry, at this rate, 3200 a month. It is estimated that the Cunard will be able to carry 2500 and the White Star 1900 a month, even without the return of any of their ships from South Africa. The French line can accommodate 2400, the Holland-American 1950, and the Atlantic Transport 1250 per month. This will make a grand total of 23,200 passengers per month; but as there are many other minor lines crossing from various points, the number of tourists that can visit the Paris Exposition could be easily estimated at more than 50,000 per month. Nearly all of the first-class lines have received enough applicants to fill all their steamers until the 1st of August. A good part of those who delayed booking until late will have to secure what accommodations they can on the smaller steamers of the minor lines, which take from ten to fourteen days to cross the ocean.

Some idea of the rush of Americans to the exposition can be gathered from these advance figures, and it is the opinion of steamship agents that thousands of tourists will have to be turned away because of lack of steamship accommodation. There is only one hope for these belated folk, and that is a speedy termination of the Transvaal war. If hostilities should terminate soon, it is possible that some of the released transport ships could reach this country in time to make a trip in June or July.

G. E. W.



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